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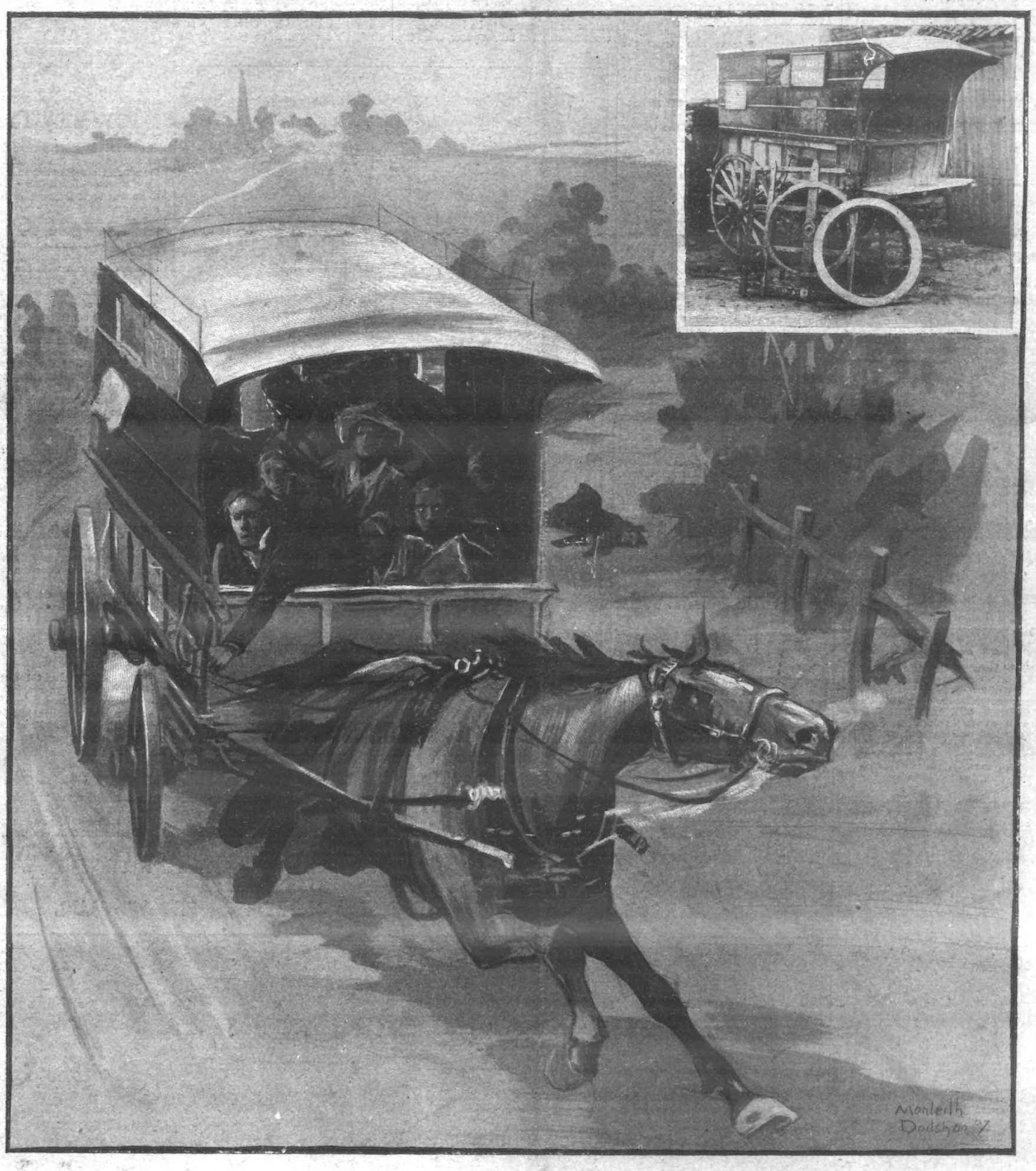

DEATH AND A RUNAWAY AT GRANTHAM.

Last Saturday a terrible accident occurred near the dangerous Somerby Hill, which lies about a mile and a half from Grantham. George William Wilkinson was driving his carrier's van, containing thirteen passengers and a quantity of dairy produce, from Lenton (Lincolnshire) to Grantham, when his horse was startled and bolted down the hill. He had jumped out to try and pacify the animal, but was knocked down by it. George Bradford, a passenger, also tried to stop the horse, but he, too, was dragged down, receiving injuries from which he died on admission to the hospital. The women in the van were terrified as the horse dashed onwards, and Miss Piggins, a middle-aged housekeeper, sprang into the roadway, but, alighting on her head, was instantly killed. For a quarter of a mile further the maddened horse tore on, then the van collided with a heavy wagon, which, strangely enough, belonged to the van-owner's father. The carrier's cart was hurled over and all the passengers were flung into the road. The names of the killed and injured are: Killed—George Bradford, forty-four, labourer, Lenton; Miss Piggins, forty-seven, housekeeper, of Humby; Mrs. Isaacs, sixty-seven, of Ropsley. Seriously injured—Miss Sophie Moulds; Mrs. Eley, of Humby; Mrs. Dove, of Ropsley. Inset is a photograph of the damaged carrier's cart.

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SYRUP

Will make you bright, strong, and healthy; it tones and invigorates every organ of digestion, cleanses your blood of all impurities, and gives new life to your entire system. It

CURES ALL
STOMACH
TROUBLES.

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TEETHING
TO MOTHERS.
MRS. WINSLOW'S
Soothing Syrup
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
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NO ADDED ACID.
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FALLING EYELASHES
spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN 210, Lambeth Rd., London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.
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TWO SIDES TO EVERY QUESTION.

Should Bread Be the Staff of Life?

FOR.

MOMENTOUS questions, municipal, political, constitutional, and international, may be at issue, but during the past two weeks the important question on the lips of the masses has been the price of bread.

To the working population of Great Britain problems of tariff and food reform have one particular significance; fluctuations in the cost of imports and exports are not matters over which the worker has time to ponder very deeply, but when it comes to the consideration of a possible rise in the price of bread, his (and her) pocket, health, even happiness, are in danger of being affected.

In thousands of homes all over the country a sudden sharp increase in the cost of the loaf is regarded as little less than a catastrophe. In families already starved and pinched, where every penny, every halfpenny, every farthing, must be eked out to the utmost of the food supply it can provide, a decision among the leaders of the bakers' industry that bread must "go up" means the difference between life supportable and life insupportable. We saw what the cost of the loaf meant to the workers during the course of the last General Election. To the labouring man it was a tussle in which the loaf loomed above all other things. It was presented to him plump, tempting, deliciously brown and crusty; and it was shown him pale, shrivelled—not worthy of a pat of butter. Whether he has got the "large loaf" or the "small loaf," or the abominably bad loaf, he knows by now. This is not the question under consideration here. Possibly the loaf has not grown one way or the other, possibly the day is still to come when it will attain the proportions of a small barrel, or a French roll, but the fact remains that if you wish to appeal to an Englishman you can touch him most quickly and surely through the quartern loaf.

There is no greater truth than that found in the words of the proverb, "Bread is the staff of life." In its broadest sense

THE SUSTENANCE OF LIFE IS BREAD;

it is for our daily bread that our prayers supplicate; the earnest worker in every station of life is the "bread-winner" It is upon bread that the child thrives, the boy grows, and man toils in the full vigour of his life. The English race has grown strong and prosperous on bread; British stamina is the stamina built up on bread, and we shall not be far wrong, for all the laudations of the "Roast Beef of Old England," if we affirm that it is as a bread-eater that the Englishman has attained the physique which causes him to stand out square, muscular, and straight from all the people of the world.

Should bread be the staff of life? Science and the medical faculty have answered that question until their "aye" should be stamped on the minds of all. In the past bread was eaten without any particular thought as to its health-giving constituents; but of late years, since the study of cereals has been taken up by practical men, we have learned to appreciate the value of the many nutritious elements which the homely-looking loaf contains. In casting about to find that which best represents the fuel that keeps the human system ablaze, the scientist has selected bread. Our body is a wholesale consumer of oxygen. Most of us get through about thirty ounces of oxygen a day, and to supply the waste occasioned by the process we must stoke ourselves with at least twelve ounces of carbon, and we get these twelve ounces in exactly three pounds of bread. It can easily and truly be argued that our body fuel can be obtained in fifty other ways, but they are ways that are complex and not within the reach of all. And herein lies

THE REAL EXCELLENCE AND VIRTUE OF THE LOAF.

It is a sound health-giving investment. It makes no pretensions, although there are few things more agreeable to look at, yet it finds its way to the highest as well as to the humblest tables in the land.

And what a supremely convenient thing is bread—how adaptable, how portable, how wasteless, and how good for all possible occasions! Try to imagine England reduced to a condition in which the price of bread became prohibitive to those who now most depend on its support. If we only succeed in realising that the butter and cheese, not to mention jam, of those who could afford to buy them, would be breadless, we shall have done enough to see that the household food system of the country would be dislocated.

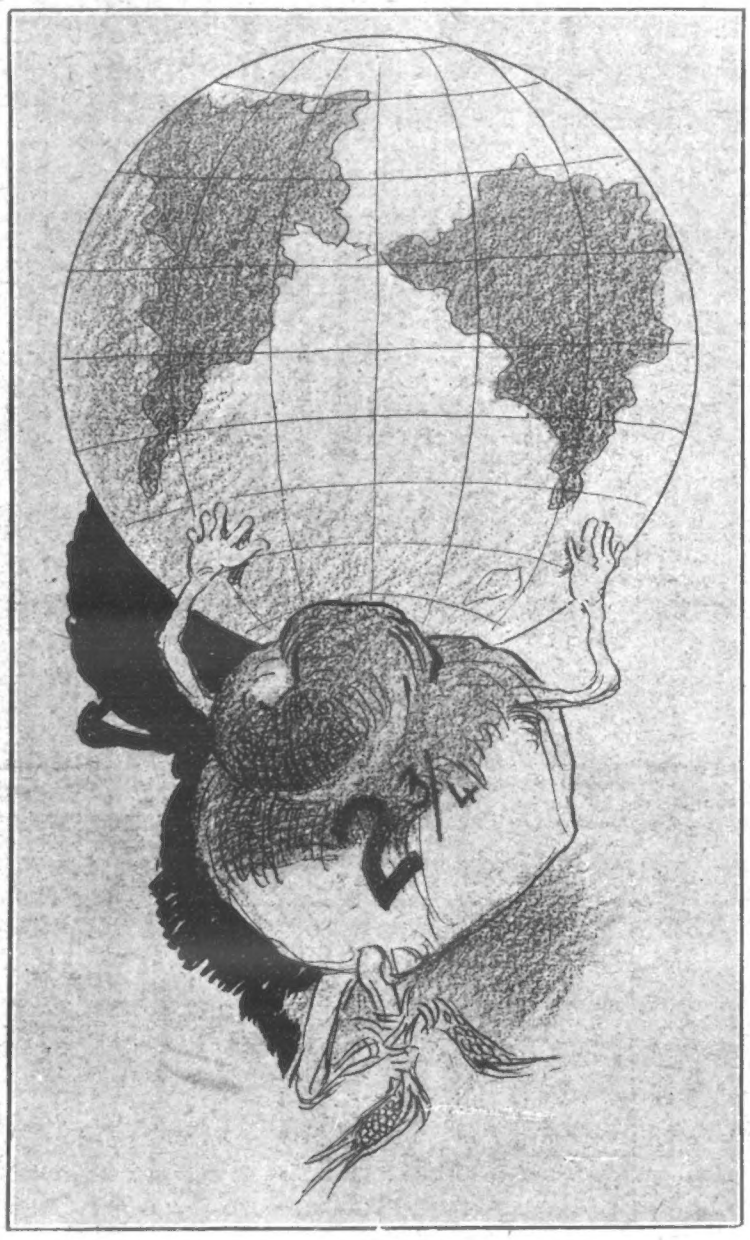
Dearer bread means more than a drain on the pockets of the working classes. It means that some not even dimly recognised manner of sustaining the body has to be found; it means that the simplest expedient for filling the hungry mouth of the child, and the hungry mouth of its hard-working parent, has disappeared. If the Englishman cannot obtain his bread cheaply you must give him a substitute, or reckon with the fact that he must be paid a wage which will place him in a position to disregard fluctuations in the price of bread, for which there is always some convenient excuse.

If we attempt to upset the Englishman's belief in his staff of life, we shall not only begin to undermine his health, and turn him into the meagre figure of men of the Southern, non-bread-eating races, but we shall rob him of the best part of the honest, wholesome diet to which he turns by nature.

AGAINST.

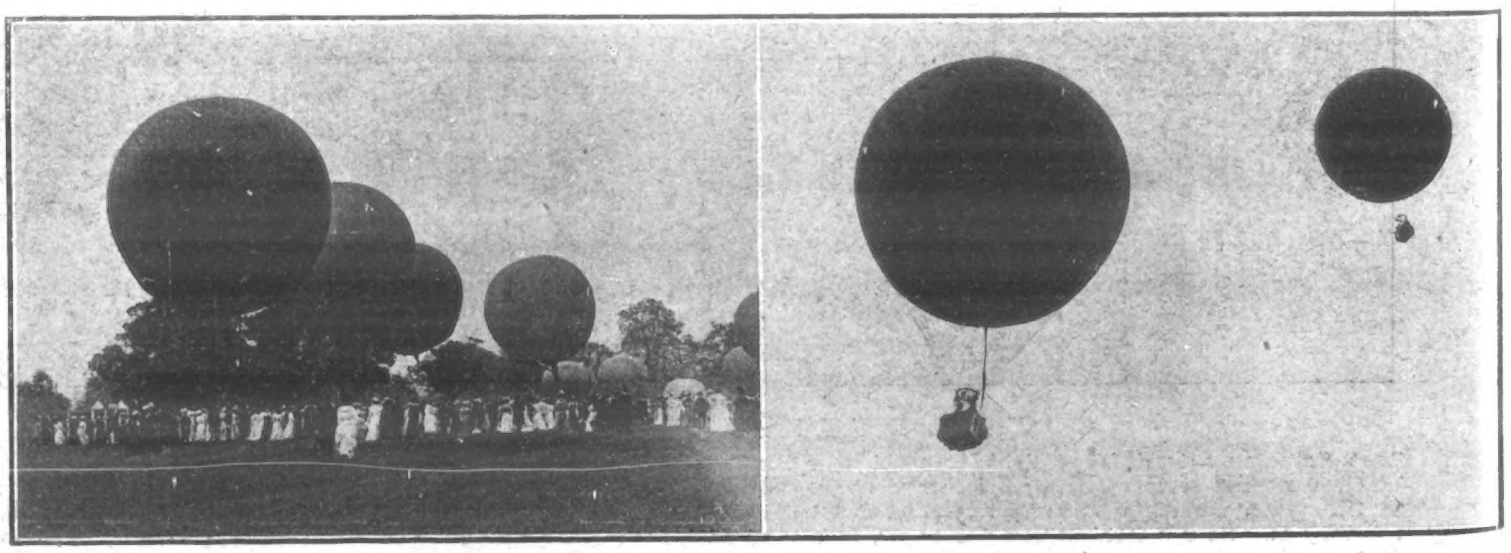
A writer whose heart is among the working men and women of England has recently declared that those who have taken off the roofs of houses where dwell the folk counted below the middle classes, and have peeped in, do not need to be told that a good half of the trouble, physical and mental, to be found there is due to imperfect cooking. Let us go further and say that the lack of resource in this direction among the greater number of housewives in this country is the real cause of misery, discontent, and ill-temper in our homes, and the most natural reason that men find for deserting their own hearths and seeking distraction, both harmful and harmless, in the drinking-bars of public-houses.

There can be doubt that much of the slipshod method of supplying the table of the working man is traceable to that extraordinarily overrated article of diet, the quartern loaf. It is on bread that the too easy-going housewife and the over-worried housewife fall back. Bread-and-dripping, bread-and-cheese, bread-and-bacon, are what they offer their children and their husbands, because these stodgy compounds have grown to form the Englishman's ideal of economic and trouble-saving catering. And it is a curious fact that the poorer the home the greater is the dependence placed on the loaf. How often we hear of distressing cases of poverty in which families



DOES THE LOAF SUPPORT THE WORLD?

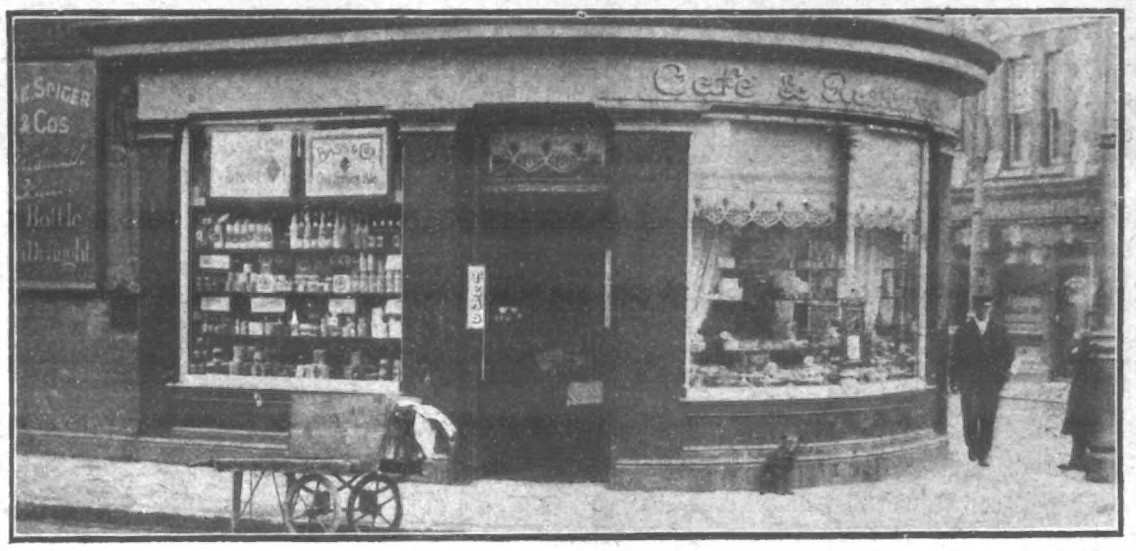
A RACE FOR MEMBERS OF THE "CLOUD-BUMPERS'" CLUB.



Last Saturday the Aero Club held a novel race, and one which was planned to really test the skill of the aeronauts. Starting from Ranelagh, the aeronauts had to remain in the air for two hours, and descend as near to Goring, the winning-post, as possible. Our left-hand picture shows the start, while on the right can be seen the winner, Mr. Butler's Dolce far Niente (the smaller balloon), which accomplished the remarkable feat of descending within a hundred yards of the winning-post.

THE SENSATIONAL TRAGEDY AT SOUTHSEA.

THE CONSTABLE WHO ARRESTED CRUMPE ON HIS OWN CONFESSION.



THE CAFE WHERE THE ACCUSED MAN DRANK A SMALL BOTTLE OF WINE BEFORE GIVING HIMSELF UP TO THE POLICE AND CONFESSING TO THE KILLING OF MRS. CRUMPE.

THE CABMAN WHO DROVE THE ACCUSED MAN TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME,

and unwittingly assisted in the deed by helping Crumpe, who was apparently too feeble to walk unaided, into the house.

are said to have been reduced to a diet of bread; and in cases in which monetary relief is given, the very first thought of the recipient is to fly to the nearest baker's and the nearest grocer's to buy bread and cheese.

This belief in the value of bread as a "staple article of diet" is

ONE OF THE GREATEST ENEMIES TO TRUE THRIFT

and to comfort in homes, and until the housewife, her husband, and her children are taught to understand that bread is not the "staff of life" it is useless to talk hopefully of reforming the poor man's domestic economy.

Now, throughout the civilised world it is admitted that the working classes of France have raised domestic catering to an art. The poor of that country live frugally, but they do not live on hunks, slabs, slices, and sops of bread. Their ideas of what may be placed on the table of the humblest are not limited to the production of coarse, solid, indigestible foods. They do not worship at the door of the baker's oven, and spend their small earnings on some really extravagant "relish" with which to relieve the monotony of the eternal loaf. Possibly if the British loaf were dumped into France, the Frenchwoman might be weak enough to welcome it as the readiest stop-gap for that "aching void" which clamours to be filled three times a day. But if such a calamity did occur, the contentment and comfort which reign in the majority of the homes of the working classes in France would surely vanish. Bread, always bread, and at best bread "and something" would never be tolerated as it is in this country.

Owing to the fact that the bread of France is lighter and far from "satisfying," the housewives of that country are, and have always been, adepts in the preparation of simple but appetising dishes—savoury to the nose, tempting to the taste, and calculated to make the poorest man proud of his wife and happy amidst his family. And if the British wife will begin to open her eyes to the fact that, with half the money she spends each week on the deceptive loaf, she could purchase materials wherewith to prepare such dishes as every French woman is trained to make from child hood, we should see a surprising change for the better in the homes of our working people.

But the difficulty of overcoming the Englishman's mistaken belief in the trustiness of that false prop, the "staff of life," is enormous. It may be recalled that last year an attempt was made to prove how life could not only be supported on fourpence a day, but made enjoyable on an excellent choice of palatable and nourishing dishes. But this effort to disestablish the loaf was in vain.

SOUTHSEA was last week the scene of a ghastly crime, a wealthy lady being murdered by an elderly man. The victim was Mrs. Crumpe, the widow of a barrister who practised for some time in Tasmania. It was while in the colony that he married. Some years ago Mr. and Mrs. Crumpe came to England and settled down in Southsea. They resided in St. Ronan's Road, and the husband died there eight years ago. The widow then purchased Cromwell

JOHN LANGFORD CRUMPE,

who has confessed to shooting the deceased lady.

House in the same thoroughfare, and went to reside there.

John Langford Crumpe, who has confessed to shooting Mrs. Crumpe, arrived in the town about three weeks ago, and engaged apartments in Church Street, Landport, about a mile from St. Ronan's Road.

He is seventy-five, and a native of New Zealand (where he has a wife and family living). He was brought up at the police-court and charged with murder.

Detective-Sergeant John Moore said on May 6 Crumpe called at the police offices and asked for a permit to purchase a revolver, as he was going to Australia.

Mr. Moore then told of the accused man's movements. First he went to stay at the Central Hotel, Landport. Then he took lodgings at George Street, Landport, where he told his landlady that he had a relation living at Southsea, whom he was going to see with reference to some money. When he talked of money and his discussion with this relation he always got very excited. On Wednesday Crumpe told his landlady that he was going to see his relative and get some money to enable him to go into a nursing home. At about 1.45 p.m. he drove up to Mrs. Crumpe's house in a cab.

Prisoner was shown into the breakfast-room—the front room on the ground floor—and the servant went upstairs and called her mistress.

Almost directly after Mrs. Crumpe entered the breakfast-room Rose McGuire another servant, heard the report of firearms. Rushing in, she caught her mistress as she fell to the floor. Crumpe, with the revolver in his hand, was standing in the doorway, and the girls pluckily pushed him out of the house. Then one of them fetched a doctor, who arrived only to find that Mrs. Crumpe was dead.

Mrs. Crumpe's visitor, on leaving, visited a restaurant in Granada Road, where he called for and drank a small bottle of claret. At the door of the restaurant he encountered a constable, to whom he calmly stated that he had shot a woman in St. Ronan's Road.

"I saw her," he added, "and as she refused to give me money I shot her."

On Friday the inquest was held on the body of the deceased woman, and without leaving the box the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful Murder" against John Langford Crumpe.

THE MAN AND HIS MOTIVE.

A man who knew Crumpe when he lived in Tralee has thrown a good deal of light upon the case. Among other things he states that—

"The Crumpes were all a tough and hardy race. Jack and his brother Sam were great favourites, and well-known sportsmen. There is a tradition in Tralee that Sam once boxed a touring negro pugilist clean off his platform before the entire township.

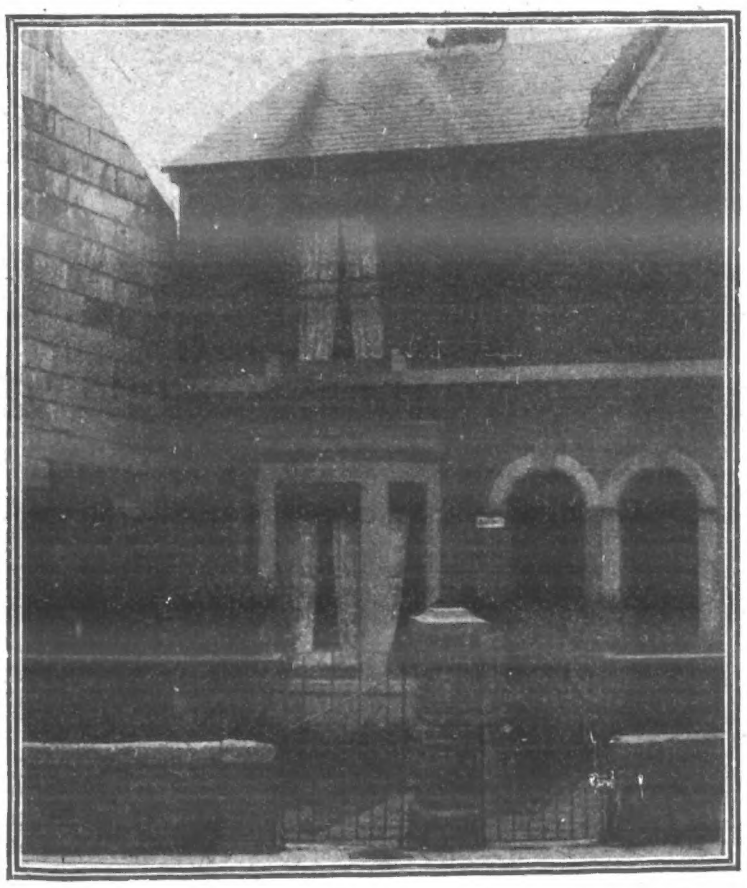
"Such achievements, however, were not equally pleasing to old Mr. Crumpe, their uncle, the rich surgeon, and when he died leaving some £80,000 it was found that he had effectually put the brake on Jack. He was to get £300 a year only whilst he kept out of the British Isles.

"Ever since he has been a 'man with a grievance.' He used often to call on us and inflict for hour after hour a recital of the terms of a will which old Francis Crumpe must have spent years in writing.

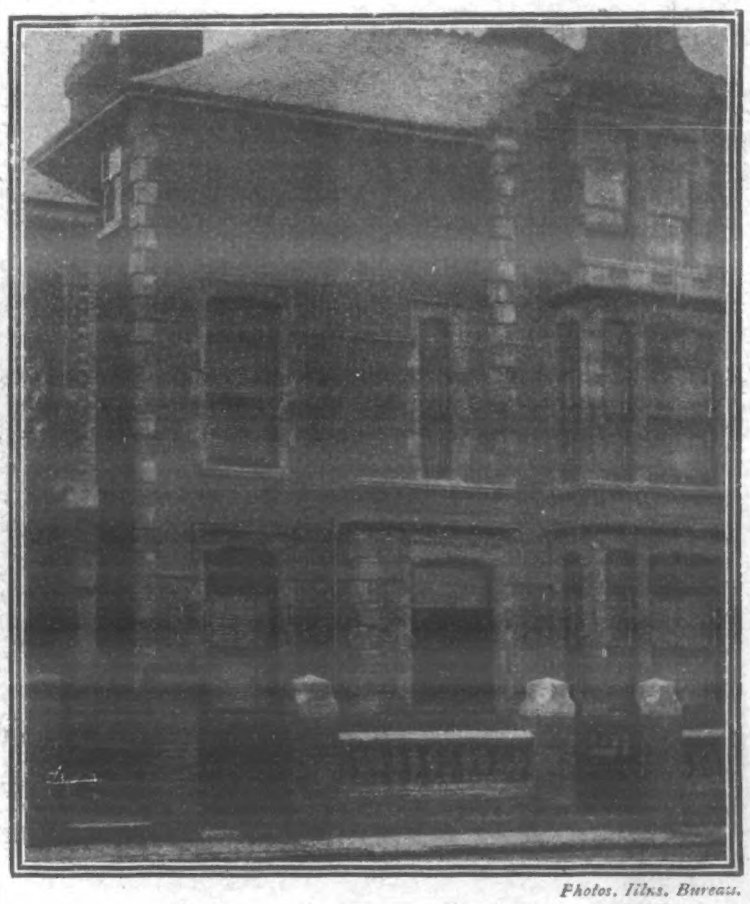
"It is said that he made his will some seven or eight years before he died, and that he spent the intervening time in adding, every morning, a new clause about something that had occurred to him during the night."

Crumpe for the past ten years had resided in different parts of London. Under the terms of his uncle's will he would receive £300 per annum, conditionally that he lived outside England, but after a long tussle with the late Mr. Moriarty (husband of the murdered lady) he succeeded in effecting a compromise, which secured him an annuity of about £130 a year and the privilege of living in London.

There can be little doubt that Crumpe's decided belief that he was the victim of unhappy circumstances must have unhinged his mind. It is believed that after her husband's death Mrs. Crumpe declined to continue the allowance to Crumpe, who frequently sent her solicitor's and other letters demanding money. Finding that he received no encouragement he saw her personally, and, apparently in a fit of dementia, shot her



WHERE THE ACCUSED MAN LODGED AT LANDPORT.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, CROMWELL HOUSE.

STRIKERS WHO EARN MORE THAN A THOUSAND POUNDS A YEAR.

£25 A WEEK.

Photos. Nicholls.

THE NATIVE COMPOUNDS

are usually peculiar for their noises. Our photograph shows two native miners engaged in a dance.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN JOHANNESBURG.

Practically every man in the crowd is employed in one or other of the great mines.

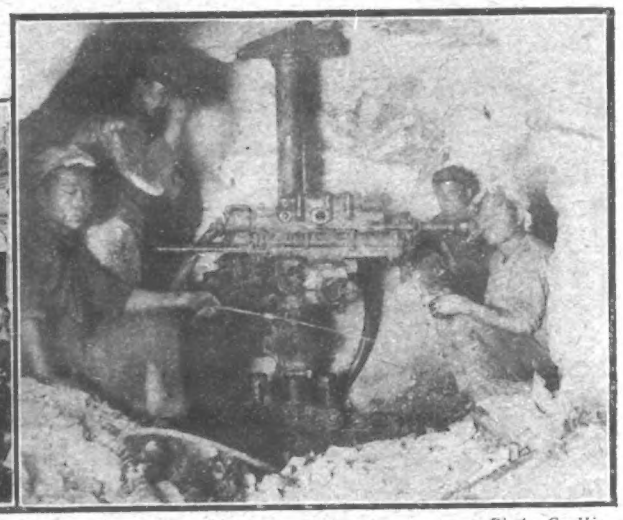


Photo. Crellin.

A WHITE MINER AND HIS THREE COOLIE ASSISTANTS.

The white man superintends two rock-drills, and it is largely because he has been ordered to mind three that he has struck.

THE news from South Africa is alarming. Troops have been sent to the Rand to protect the mines, which are feared to be in danger, as the strike is assuming far greater proportions than was first expected.

Four hundred men of the Cameron Highlanders have arrived at the East Rand, and 200 men of the Border Regiment have arrived at the West Rand, both bodies coming from Pretoria.

The Cameron Highlanders are distributed as follows — Germiston, 150; Benoni, 62; Cleveland, 50; Ferreira Deep Mine, 150.

They are all supplied with three days' rations and 140 rounds of ammunition per man.

The men in the few isolated mines in the East and Central Rand areas who continued working are now being compelled to join the strike.

According to the managers, the strike is on the following lines. The rock-drill men at present superintend two rock-drills. They are asked to overlook three—which they could easily do—but decline to do so on the ground that they would be shutting out other rock-drill men. The importance of the question may be gauged from the fact that the men can easily earn from £75 to £100 a month, and even more, against expenses of from £20 to £40, as they usually live rent free on the mines.

These earnings per ton are about twice or three times the rate paid for rock-drill work in America and Australia, and the importance of economy in this direction is evident from the fact that 60 per cent. of the Rand mining costs has to be debited to the wages bill.

The following are statements made by the heads of the South African industry to a morning contemporary:—

Sir Julius Wernher (of Messrs. Wernher, Beit and Co., the premier South African house): "We have not had a telegram for over a week. As far as I know we have had no stamps hung up by the strike. We are not taking any active steps this end, naturally leaving it to our people in Johannesburg. I entirely fail to understand the motive of the strike.

"In the first place, many of the men at our mines not only have been, but are now working three rock-drills, which is, of course, a very easy task, as it only means the supervision of natives who do all the heavy manual labour. The work done by the white rock-drill men is very light indeed.

"Our men have been well paid, well treated, and well housed, and we have had no strike since the opening-up of the fields some twenty years ago."

Lord Harris, the chairman, and Mr. Stanley Christopherson, a director of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, Limited: "We consider the situation has been very much exaggerated by a section of the Press. The net result, as far as we are concerned, is that 120 stamps on the Robinson Deep are hung up.

"Anything that affects the output of gold is very serious as far as it goes, but in this case we have taken advantage of the stoppage to execute urgent repairs which in any case would have had to be effected very shortly.

"It is inconceivable that a strike, having regard to the extremely liberal earnings made by the rock-drill men, can in the long run prevail. Even making full allowance for the heavy cost of living on the Rand, the men are most handsomely paid."

Mr. Leopold Albu (General Mining and Finance Corporation): "Men have struck at three of our mines—the Meyer and Charlton, Roodepoort United, and Goch, but we have not been obliged to hang up any stamps. I absolutely agree with the remarks made by Lord Harris.

"We must fight it out. The directors, not the men, must be the masters, otherwise chaos will ensue."

Photo. F. F. Crellin.

CRAMPED QUARTERS FOR MINERS: HAMMER-BOYS AT WORK IN A STOPE

The arrival of non-union men has caused serious strike riots on the Rand. No fewer than 310 stamps are standing idle. Barricades were torn down at the Simmer East Mine.

MISS DESPERADO

BY HENRY T. JOHNSON

CHAPTER XVIII.—*(Continued.)*

AND yet, for some reason, he neither could nor cared to understand. Never had he felt his overmastering yearning for her stronger than in that moment: never had he craved and hungered more desperately to claim her, to possess her all in all, mind, soul and body, with the right to guide her and to guard her.

Yes—that seemed the main strand of the bond that held him, and his heart leapt exultingly at the thought that his heart's desire was more than granted—she stood there before him not merely a beggar like Cophetua's maid, but an outlaw. Not hers the right to wend her way with scrip and wallet, winning alms and the pity that is akin to love. She stood there under the ban of the law that she had broken, in the shadow of the impending talons of that law.

He would save her—he must! he would! *coûte que coûte!*—and his sister's words, his sister's action woke him to words of action too.

"Felicia is right," he said to Jerrold, in a tone defying an unspoken challenge. "Diana, or Marah whom we know as Diana, has been more sinned against than sinning. Fate, so cruel to her in so many other ways, has forced her not only to suffer, but to *do* injustice."

Felicia cast at him a grateful glance. Her love for Marah, too, had strengthened and deepened with danger, even with disgrace. What wonder that Stephen Jerrold instinctively shrugged his shoulders, and raised his eyebrows witnessing the unorthodox action of these orthodox young people. His legal mind, instinct and training told him that the ordinary lover would have recoiled horrified from the pitfall into which he so nearly had stumbled, that the ordinary sister would have sighed thankfully at her brother's deliverance from such peril. But Felix was no ordinary lover, Felicia no ordinary sister, and somehow, he never liked the one better or loved the other more dearly than just then.

But not even all this could deaden his instincts as an honest man and a trained lawyer to the facts. The girl who was standing there with clasped hands and downcast eyes had broken the law most desperately, and he was reflecting, too, how his position as the legal adviser of the late Matthew Jerningham and in a sense of his widow imposed on him the obligation to vindicate that outraged law.

His reflections were interrupted by Felix Wynne's appeal. "Stevie, what's to be done? Speak, man, speak! You know the law. How can we save her?"

Jerrold shrugged his shoulders grimly. "No one is more grieved than I," he said, "to know and realise how terribly Miss Jerningham—for so, after all, we still may call her—has broken the law."

"But she must be saved!" cried Felix. "We must save her, or if you cannot—for I understand your position—I must save her alone."

"I will do all I can," said Jerrold, "for having heard all the story, though technically I must blame, in my heart I pity her. As things are, however, so much depends upon Mrs. Jerningham."

"Yes, yes," said Nurse Sylvain, speaking at last, "she holds the whip."

"I had better see her at once and explain everything to her. Believe me, I will do all I can to induce her to refrain from using that whip."

"Yes, yes;" Felicia cried fervently, "you will do that, for my sake."

"I will do all I can," he answered. "I will go to Mrs. Jerningham at once."

But there was no need. The door flew open and Felicia shuddered with apprehension as "The Green Widow" swept into the room, followed by Eli Harker, his pallid face for once wearing the pink of a fresh-boiled shrimp. They knew not how, through Eli Harker, she had learned the truth: vindictive triumph in her eyes, a smile wreathing her thin pale lips, told them that she knew it.

With a swift and searching glance she surveyed them all, flung at all the mocking challenge, "So, then, the conspirators are in full committee. May I ask," she sneered, "what new fraud is being planned against me, here in my own house?"

It was Marah who replied:—"Mrs. Jerningham, reserve your reproaches for me alone. All that has happened has been my doing."

"No, no! Mine!" Nurse Sylvain interposed.

"Aided and abetted by my lawyer, my loyal lawyer, and his friends, these other trespassers," the widow hissed, pointing a lean, accusing hand at Felix and his sister.

"Not so," Marah replied in ringing tones. "Until just now they knew nothing of the story which I have just told them, doubtless in the hearing of that spy and cheat who has listened for you."

Eli Harker, with another shrimpy flush under her accusing gaze, snarled, in answer to the accusing words—"You ought to talk about frauds and cheats, you ought."

"Mrs. Jerningham," said Stephen Jerrold, with quiet dignity, "if it is necessary, let me assure you that we knew nothing, and dreamed nothing, of Miss Jern—I mean Miss Delahay's story, until she spontaneously told it just now. But I am not speaking to excuse myself nor defend myself; I think if you have been told all that story you will recognise that if Miss Delahay and her mother have sinned, they have been most grievously sinned against—so grievously, that if ever justice needed to be tempered with mercy, it is now."

"Upon my word, Stephen Jerrold, for a lawyer you are refreshingly sentimental and delightfully confiding. You take for granted every word spoken by these self-confessed adventuresses."

"You will admit," said Stephen, sternly, "that there was something in the manner of your husband's death lending semblance to—the mother's story."

Raging with fury as she was, Matthew Jerningham's widow for a moment was silenced, remembering how her late husband at the sight of Nurse Sylvain crashed down at her feet as though stricken with a blow, had fallen at her feet and died.

And the Grey Nurse, advancing and looking her straight in the eyes, said boldly, defiantly: "What my child—and his child—has told them, and that your eavesdropper has retailed to you, is true. I am her mother, your husband was her father. Years before he met you I was more truly, in the sight of God, his wife than you ever were. He treated me worse even than he treated you—he cheated me of all honour, happiness, the little means I had, the best years of my life; cheated me with lies, sworn to by all things sacred. She is his child—I swear it! I swear it! Oh! is there among all these books, in all this house that was his—is God's own Holy Book here in the house of that wicked man, that I may swear God's truth upon it?"

She passed her hand across her forehead, then the other across the open Book. "Ah! yes, I had forgotten," she whispered, "one must not forget one's duty."

"Neither must one forget to be merciful," Felix Wynne and Jerrold chimed in, "He is right, Mrs. Jerningham. If you will not—if you cannot undo the wrong he did, need you make that wrong yet crueller?"

"Upon my word!" she sneered, "you are a strange lawyer, advocating the cause of your client's enemy."

"In the cause of mercy," he answered, "even a lawyer may be a man with human sense and human sympathies."

"I will have revenge for all that I have suffered" she said. "He is beyond the reach of my revenge, but she, his flesh and blood, shall suffer for him! And you, Stephen Jerrold, remember your duty."

"I will," he said, "and my duty makes no call on me to be the myrmidon of cruelty or of revenge. Oh, Mrs. Jerningham, why, with such fires in your heart, such words on your lips, take your hand from off that Book! Stay—what is this?"

For, in his indignation, withdrawing from beneath her touch that sacred volume, he grasped—that sheet of foolscap folded fourwise.

Unfolded it. With a swift glance, scanned it more intently, read and re-read the opening lines, then, striding away from the group, and facing them all, said in a loud, excited voice—"Stay! stay! Listen all of you! There is this here upon which all may depend, for here in my right hand I hold the last will and testament of Matthew Jerningham!"

"His will!" all present echoed in one breath.

And Stephen Jerrold, in answer to them all, read distinctly and deliberately from the paper in his hand—

"I, Matthew Eustace Jerningham, of Jerningham Manor House, near the city of Bayminster, hereby give, devise and bequeath all the estate and property, real or personal, of whatsoever nature, of which I shall die possessed unto Marah Delahay, the daughter of Sylvain Delahay, some time of Sydney, New South Wales, absolutely, as some reparation, tardy and inefficient though it be, for the incalculable wrongs the said Marah Delahay and her mother may have sustained at my hands. Such gift, devise and bequest to be subject to the payment to Ursula Jerningham, my lawful wife, of the annual income of £3000, and the use of the mansion and grounds known as the Jerningham Dower House for life. And subject also to the said Marah Delahay in due form assuming the name and arms of the Jerningham family.

"SIGNED and DELIVERED by the above-named Matthew Eustace Jerningham, as and for the last Will and Testament, this Twentieth day of August, 1905, in the presence of us, who, at his request and in his presence, and in the presence of each other, all being present at the same time, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

"Job Truitt, Silver Street, London, mechanician.
"Richard Fellows, Duke Street, Canning Town, labourer."

'The villain! To leave Jerningham House away from me!" gasped the widow. "It was worse than forgetting or delaying to make a will at all."

(To be continued.)

WHEN THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS CRIED.

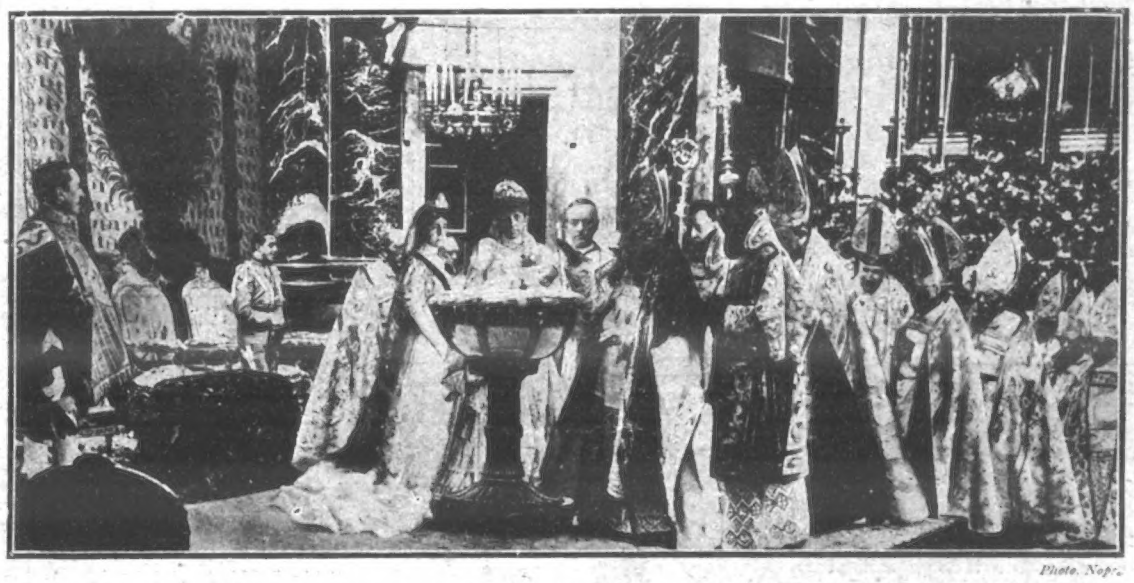


Photo. Nopr.

The christening of the infant heir to the throne of Spain was of the most gorgeous description, yet, in one respect commonplace—the child cried.

"NO MORE ECZEMA"

Do you know how irritating, annoying, and disfiguring eczema is in many cases? Thousands are disfigured by eczema, thousands are tortured by it, and the irritation is so maddening in many cases that the sufferers cannot sleep at night. Is this your condition? Are you suffering from the early stages of eczema, which may lead to such misery as we have described? If so, you have only to touch the affected part with "Antexema" for the irritation to cease, and by following out the "Antexema" treatment you will be completely cured. Remember this important fact. Many who write to us suffering from eczema have already tried innumerable remedies, have been to doctors, and under treatment at various hospitals until they despaired of finding a cure. Perhaps that is how you feel. If so, remember that "Antexema" cured these other sufferers and that it will cure you. We are so certain "Antexema" can do this that we are willing for you to try "Antexema" at our expense, and so assure yourself that it will do all we say. All who value their skin health should note the first symptoms that the skin is out of health. You should notice if your skin looks coarse, red, rough, or it cracks or chaps easily; these appearances are frequently the starting point of eczema. If we have described the appearance of your skin, we would strongly and earnestly advise you to commence applying "Antexema"

"Antexema" cures Eczema, slight or severe.

immediately with a view of removing inflammation and preventing its spread. At the same time nothing but "Antexema Soap" should be used for the toilet, as this will help to promote the health of the skin and the due performance of its functions.

There are two principal forms of eczema—namely, acute eczema and chronic eczema, and as regards

Acute Eczema,

if the scarf-skin has been removed by the intensity of the inflammation, the treatment will depend upon the moisture which comes from the parts affected. Obviously this is not the place for minute details as to treatment, but the question is fully explained in our family handbook "Skin Troubles," offered you at the foot of this column. This little book will tell you how to effect a complete cure and how to avoid a recurrence of the trouble.

Chronic Eczema.

The most common of all skin troubles is chronic eczema, the medical name for a cold or catarrh of the skin. In the dry, scaly, chronic varieties, the skin represents a red, rough and dirty appearance in slight cases, and in the more severe forms there is a decided rash and the itching is most intense. Full instructions as to the only way of effecting a complete and thorough cure are given in the handbook, "Skin Troubles."

Please Note

that "Antexema" will cure not only eczema in every part of the body, but also ringworm, pimples, rashes, bad legs, psoriasis, nettlerash, and all other skin ailments. "Antexema" is supplied by Chemists everywhere at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., or direct, post free, plainly wrapped, for 1s. 3d. and 2s. 9d. "Antexema" is easily obtainable of leading chemists in India and all British Colonies and Possessions. The only way you can prove the wonder-working powers of "Antexema" is by trying it yourself. We invite you to try "Antexema," and if you will fill in the coupon at foot, or write and mention "The Penny Illustrated Paper," and enclose three penny stamps for a copy of our family handbook "Skin Troubles," we will send with it a generous Free Trial of "Antexema" and "Antexema Granules," the wonderful blood purifier. All letters or coupons should be sent to the Antexema Company, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

ANTEXEMA
Quickly Relieves and Rapidly Cures

SPECIAL TRIAL COUPON

Fill in this coupon, enclose three penny stamps for our family handbook, and receive with it a generous Free Trial of 'Antexema' and 'Antexema Granules.' The ANTEXEMA COMPANY, 83, Castle Road, London, N.W.

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Penny Illustrated Paper, 1/6/07.

A DERBY DAY CROWD ON THE GRAND STAND AT EPSOM.

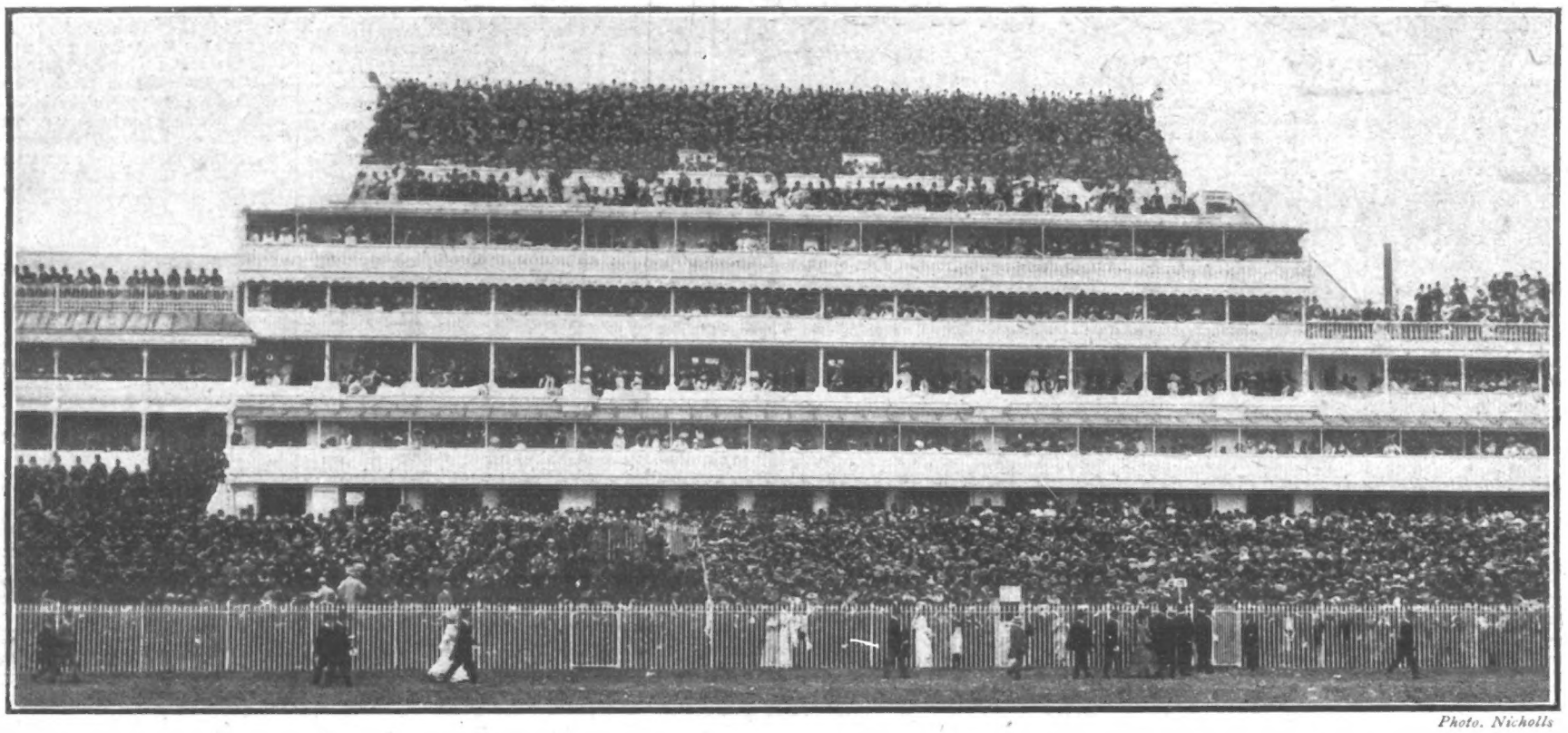


Photo. Nicholls

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

THE defeat of Kent by Lancashire has come as a heavy blow to the friends of the hop county, but it 's all in the game, and however good a side may be, they would fail to arouse interest were it a certainty for them to win every match they play. The Champions need not be discouraged over their defeat, which will probably be forgotten amid a series of brilliant victories, for the cricket is there, and a gentleman from Lancashire who saw the match assures me they were unlucky to lose. A couple of boundary hits would have saved the situation, but they were not forthcoming, and the match was lost by six runs.

It is difficult to realise that the side that Gloucestershire are at present playing represents the county of the Graces. They were defeated twice last week, Essex beating them at Leyton, after the Western county had apparently got the game in hand. Then Middlesex got the better of them by ten wickets, and at the time of writing Surrey appear assured of an equally easy victory. Gilbert Jessop is in charge of the eleven, and if pluck and individual effort could do it, Gloucestershire would hold a much better position than at present.

As a side, they seem to have become demoralised by their lack of success. They have some good batsmen and some good bowlers, but there is an indefinable something which is lacking. A couple of wickets gained cheaply by the opposition and it is "good-bye" to the rest of the eleven—Jessop excepted, and he cannot always be expected to come off. The fielding, too, needs improvement: in the first innings of Surrey no less than half-a-dozen easy catches were missed.

Would it surprise anybody to find at the end of the season that Notts had won the championship? Of course, anything may happen between now and the end of August, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the Trent Bridge eleven are in great form at present, and there appears no reason why they should lose it. In their latest encounter with Leicestershire they won by nine wickets, and I am of opinion that they will want all the beating that the best can give them. Wass and Hallam are bowling magnificently, and even Fielder and Blythe cannot excel them as a pair.

The South Africans have yet to undergo a really severe test. So far, their efforts have been confined to matches with Leicestershire, Essex, and the M.C.C. They won the first two without being called upon for an effort, and are, without doubt, a really good all-round side. Whether they are of the calibre of an Australian representative eleven, or as good as their friends would have us believe, is extremely doubtful. At any rate, it may be well to wait for better weather and harder wickets before forming a decided opinion. One thing admits of no question, and that is the excellent quality of their bowling.

There were a number of matches spoiled by the rain last week, and it was not possible to make a start in the Surrey v. Warwickshire fixture until Saturday. There have been a number of instances of matches being begun and finished in one day, but this was not one of them. Surrey had the best of the draw, as they scored 155 and 32 for three wickets, against 98 by the midland county. The feature of the match was the batting of Hobbs, who carried his bat right through Surrey's first innings for 60.

Hants do not appear able to get into their stride, and suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Sussex by ten wickets. Vine played a grand innings for 104, and Killick ably seconded his effort with a capital 67. On the Hampshire side E. M. Sprot had scored 84 when he was out in that most unsatisfactory of ways—leg-before.

Oxford University have been trying their fortunes with Worcestershire, and the Dark Blues came through with flying colours, the margin in their favour at the finish being 86 runs. For the 'Varsity, who may turn out a stronger team than anticipated, the Hon. C. N. Bruce played a great innings for 64 (not out) and G. N. Foster distinguished himself at the second attempt with 88. The Cantabs were engaged in a trial game, but there was nothing of moment in the play.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

There is generally a lull in the athletic world after Whit Monday, and this season was no exception, for Saturday's fixture-list contained very few meetings worthy of more than passing notice. That of the Northampton Hospital, held at the County Ground, was, however, an exception, for good sport was witnessed by a fairly large crowd.

Two championships figured on the programme, these being the Half-Mile N.C.U. Cycling Championship (Northampton Centre) and the Four Miles' Flat Championship. The cycle event was won by H. Turnill, of Raunds, who defeated H. Hudson, of Northampton, by a foot in 1 min. 29 2-5 sec. The flat race was secured by A. J. Robertson, Birchfield Harriers, and A. Underwood (the ten miles' champion), of the same Club, followed him home at the respectful distance of fifty yards. W. Coales, also a Birchfield man, was third; and the time was 20 min. 9 sec.

The 120 yards' fell to E. Oliver, Northampton Alpine A.C., who, with 14½ yards start, did 11 4-5 sec. H. Mason, Erdington, secured the 220 yards from the 14 yards' mark in 22 3-5 sec., and the half mile went to R. York, of Malden, whose liberal allowance of 40 yards enabled him to finish first in the fast time of 1 min. 56 4-5 sec. The two miles walking handicap resulted in G. Wright, Birmingham, passing the judges first in 13 min. 57 sec., whilst A. Jones, Aston, 140 yards' start, was first in the mile. H. Hudson, who had finished second in the championship was first in the half-mile bicycle handicap, and the wheelers' mile resulted in favour of J. Chapman, Woburn.

The London Scottish Rifles held a most successful meeting at Stamford Bridge, but the events were all confined

A MAN WHO CAN SEE.

The clown on stilts is still a familiar figure on Derby Day.

THE EPSOM SALT.

This disabled seaman is a well-known figure on the road to the course, and usually reaps a harvest during Derby week.

THE TIPPING WELL.

The old well at Epsom, on the top of which tips are scrawled in chalk on race days. It will be noted that it bears the name of the Derby favourite.

ESSEX v. SOUTH AFRICANS AT LEYTON.
The South Africans going out to field.

to members. The 440 yards' and 880 yards' level races were won by H. E. Stiven and N. E. Farr respectively, but the times were slow. The 120 yards hurdles was also a slowly run race, the successful competitor being A. E. White. He was lucky, for he jumped badly, and it took him no less the 19 2-5 sec. to negotiate the obstacles. In the events confined to officers, Lieutenant J. Sopwith won the 150 yards; and one of the "cracks," Major B. C. Green, was third in the long jump. The latter was formerly one of the best athletes in training.

At a professional cycling meeting at Canning Town the racing partook of an international character. F. Bennett beat H. V. Colver in a motor-cycle match over three distances—three miles, five miles, and ten miles. In an international sprint G. Flint won the first heat at a quarter of a mile; R. Heller (Austria) being second, and C. Piard (France) third. Helier won the second event—a third of a mile—with Piard next to him; but the Frenchman turned the tables in the third event—half a mile.

It is reported that last Friday a student named Shaw, of Dartmouth College, U.S.A., won the 120 yards hurdle race in 15 sec. This is easily a world's record, the previous best being 15 1-5 sec., made by A. E. Kraenzlein. Whether the new figures will pass the scrutiny authorities remains to be seen.

CROQUET.

For many years croquet was in the background of popular sports, but recently the game has again caught on immensely, and there were excellent attendances at the Association's Tournament at Roehampton. The "Peel Memorial" handicap for gentlemen was won by R. F. J. Grenfell, and the ladies' event went to Miss C. B. Wickham. In the Association doubles H. S. G. Burton and Mrs. Herapath were successful; while in the Open Singles C. E. Willis was the winner in Class A, and H. M. Bryan in Class B.

ROWING.

Thus early there are signs that Henley will be quite up to the average, both as a social function and from a rowing standpoint. We shall not have so many foreign visitors perhaps, but the decision of the Belgians to again row in the Grand invests that important event with all the more interest. Captain Darell and Harry Blackstaffe will probably renew their antagonism in the Diamonds, in which also two Colquhoun Sculls winners—R. V. Powell and D. C. R. Stuart—will compete. The Belgians, by the way, are in active training, and five of last year's crew are due to row.

There is a hitch regarding the professional championship of England. Barry wanted to meet George Towns, but the latter sent word from Australia that he cannot make a match this year, and now Barry's party are urging the trustees of the challenge trophy to order Towns to return it for competition. Barry is acknowledged to be the best of our English scullers, and it is rather a pity that Towns could not see his way to meet him.

LAWN-TENNIS.

Though a few of the crack players were unable to take part in the Surrey championship meeting at Surbiton, many famous names figured in the entries. One has only to mention the names of A. W. Gore and M. J. G. Ritchie as finalists for the Gentlemen's Open Singles, and Mrs. Sterry and Mrs. Lambert Chambers (*née* Miss D. K. Douglass) as finalists of the Ladies' Open Singles, to show that "class" was well represented. Gore beat Ritchie rather easily, the scores being 6—3, 6—2, 6—3 in his favour, and Mrs. Sterry defeated her formidable rival by 6—4, 6—3. It is only fair to state that Mrs. Chambers had not played previously this season. Ritchie had, altogether, an unpleasant experience, for, in addition to "running-up" to Gore, he did not figure in the final of either the Gentlemen's Doubles or the "Mixed" Doubles, the former event going to H. Pollard and J. B. Ward, while the latter contest was secured by A. W. Gore and Miss C. M. Wilson—a particularly strong pair.

KEATING'S POWDER is the unrivalled killer and preventive of Moth in Furs, Blankets, etc. When you put away your winter things do not forget to thoroughly sprinkle them with "Keating's" and you will then be quite sure that you will not find them ruined by Moth when you take them out again. Sold everywhere, in tins only, 3d., 6d. and 1s. Has no objectionable smell.—ADVT.

MARVELLOUS BOWLING.
Killick (Sussex), who took five wickets for two runs against Hampshire.

VOLUNTEER SPORTS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.
Scottish Reel Competition.

P.I.P. CRICKET RESULTS.

HADDON HALL v. BELMONT.

Played at Crofton Park. Scores—Haddon Hall: A. Litherby, b Davis, 5; S. J. Gotts, b Davis, 0; E. Bickle, c Howard, b B. Spratt, 5; F. Maggs, b B. Spratt, 0; A. Cook, b B. Spratt, 0; H. K. Olney, b G. Spratt, 21; G. Allen, c and b Davis, 1; A. Maggs, b G. Spratt, 7; C. Smith, b Howard, 1; G. Wood, run out, 2; G. Lander, not out, 0; extras, 1. Total, 43.

Belmont: S. Howard, b Smith, 1; R. Hunt, c and b Allen, 7; G. Spratt, b Bickle, 14; F. Spratt, c H. K. Olney b Smith, 3; E. Woodcock, b Smith, 0; T. Spratt, b Bickle, 8; S. Moore, b Smith, 3; A. Davis, not out, 6; B. Pritchard, c A. Cook, b Bickle, 10; C. Clarkson, b Smith, 1; D. Dobson, run out, 0; extras, 0. Total, 53

B. Spratt performed the hat trick for the winners.

AVONDALE v. HADDO HOUSE.

Played on Saturday, May 25. Avondale won by an innings and 53 runs, the scores being—Avondale, 132; Haddo House 56 and 23. Wale and Waghorne made the top scores for the winners.

Avondale: F. Heather, b Harris, 4; Manger, l b w, b Harris, 11; Mayes, b Smith, 8; Waghorne, b Harris, 23; Wale, b Smith, 35; Holton, b Harris, 0; H. Heather, b Harris, 14; Nimmo, not out, 15; Coyle, b Smith, 9; Philpot, c and b Harris, 0; Hopkins, b Smith, 12; extras 1. Total 132.

Haddo House (1st innings): Haskins, b Heather, 2; Sherwood, b Heather, 0; Harris, c Hopkins, 30; Brown, c Heather, 1; Smith, run out, 0; Garrett, b Waghorne, 5; Thomas, b Waghorne, 8; Annessey, c Waghorne, 0; Wyebrow, b Waghorne, 2; Roberts, c Heather, 0; Roomes, not out, 1; extras, 7. Total, 56.

(2nd innings): Haskins, run out, 3; Sherwood, b Heather, 0; Harris, b Hopkins, 1; Brown, b Hopkins, 0; Smith, c Hopkins, 6; Garrett, b Heather, 0; Thomas, c and b Heather, 1; Annessey, b Hopkins, 0; Wyebrow, not out, 0; Roberts, b Hopkins, 0; Roomes, c Hopkins, 7; extras, 5. Total, 23.

PRESTON PLUCKNETT v. TINTINHULL.

Played at Preston, May 25th. Preston Plucknett won by 5 runs. Scores—Preston, 60; Tintinhull, 55. The Rev. Norris batted well for the winners, scoring 35 not out.

PRESTON 2nd v. PETTERS YEOVIL.

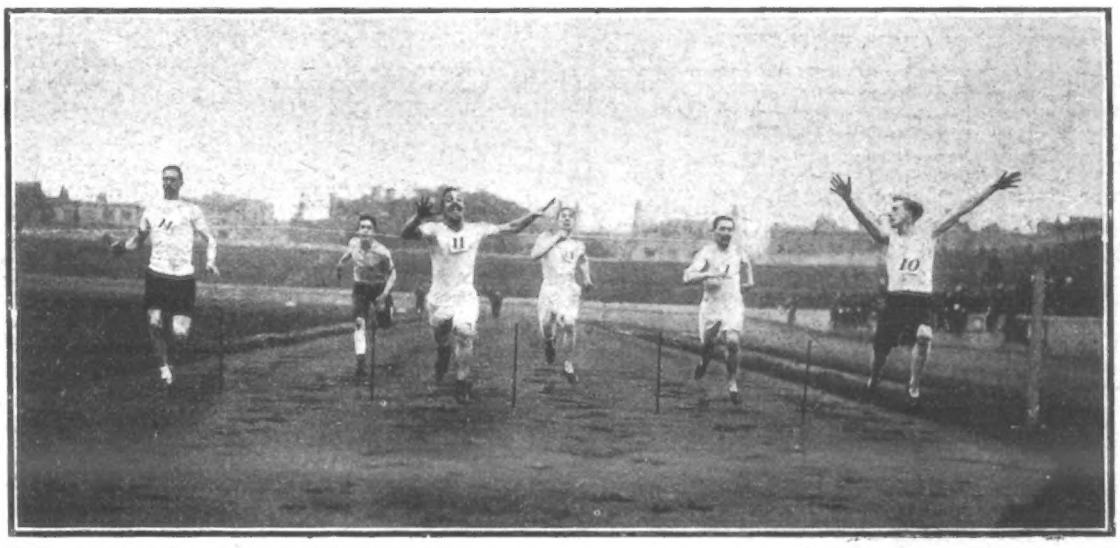
Played at Pen Mill, Sat., May 25th. Preston 2nd won by 4 runs. Scores—Preston, 33; Petters, 29. S. Adams and K. Hawkins put in some good bowling for Preston.

NOTICE TO "P.I.P." CRICKETERS.

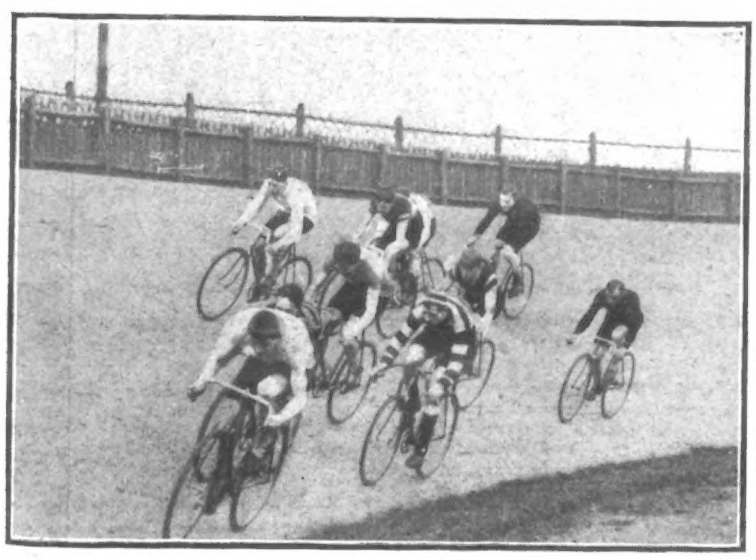
WE are always glad to know of the doings of *P.I.P.* readers at cricket. County matches are interesting enough in their way, but we are sure that our readers would be even more interested to see in print the doings of themselves and their friends. We are therefore making all *P.I.P.* cricketers the following offer:—

We will publish week by week the results of matches played by clubs of which any of our readers are members, free of charge. All we require is that the information—full names and scores—reach us on the Monday after the Saturday on which the games have been played.

Hurry up, "Pippers," and do not lose this opportunity of having your sporting achievements chronicled.

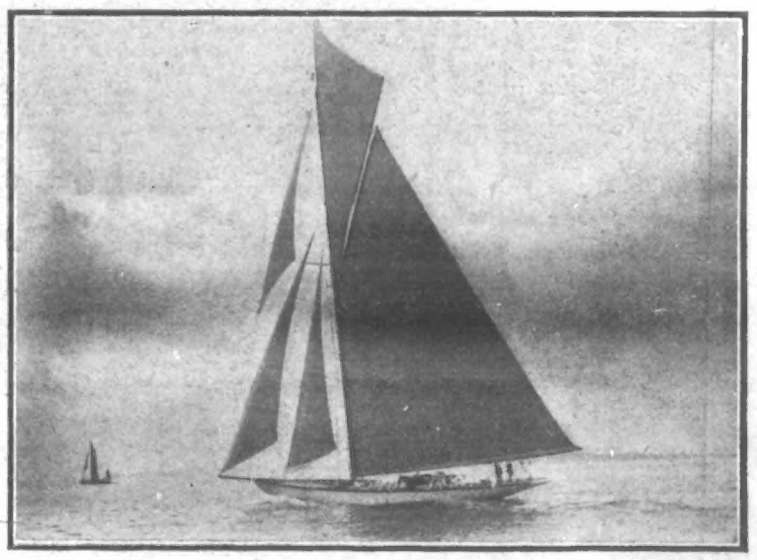


VOLUNTEER SPORTS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.
The Finish of the Hundred Yards Handicap.



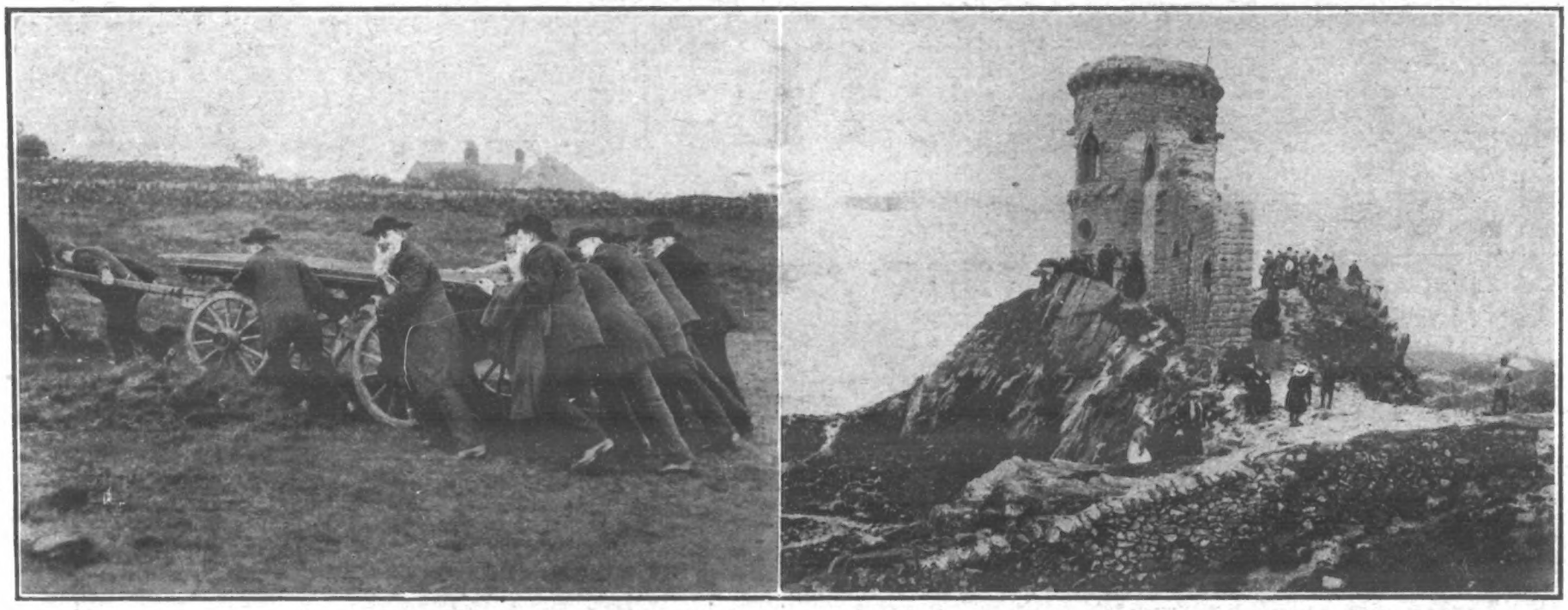
INTERNATIONAL CYCLING AT CANNING TOWN.
The Five-Mile Amateurs' Race.

MARVELLOUS BOWLING.
Albert Trott, who dismissed seven Somerset batsmen for twenty runs, took four wickets with four successive balls, and then finished up with three in three balls, his feat of doing the "hat trick" twice in one innings being quite without precedent in first-class matches.



NEW THAMES YACHT CLUB RACES AT GRAVESEND.
White Heather II. (Myles B. Kennedy), Winner, Yachts 75-4 feet.

THE CELEBRATION OF A CENTENARY: PRIMITIVE METHODISTS AT MOW COP.



A hundred years ago Primitive Methodism was born on Mow Cop, near Hanley, in Staffordshire, and last Saturday the now historic hill was the scene of a centenary celebration, many thousands of people, and most of the leaders of the sect, being present. Our photographs show the ministers pushing the lorry that they used as a platform up the hill, and the ruined tower on the summit of Mow Cop.

THE BLACK DEATH.

AN interesting article appears in this week's *Penny Pictorial Magazine* on the subject of the Plague and how it is kept out of Europe. Following are a few extracts: Few people are aware of the complete and rigorous international supervision organised to prevent the introduction of the dread "bubonic plague" into Europe. Occasionally, one sees a report in the Press of an isolated case of plague at some seaport.

The health authorities, however, find that they have an immense amount of searching and supervising to do before even such a sporadic outbreak of the disease may be considered as successfully dealt with. It is to their credit, and partly due to the vigilance of the authorities at the ports en route, that Bombay's appalling death-roll finds no parallel at the European terminus of the "Route from the East."

Before a ship is allowed to leave an Indian port, passengers and crew undergo a strict medical examination, and the effects of native passengers and Lascar crews are disinfected by the port authorities.

On arrival at Suez, no one is allowed on board until the Suez quarantine doctor has satisfied himself, by personal examination, that no one on board shows symptoms of bubonic disorders. All being well, the ship is granted "pratique," or freedom of the port.

After passing through the Canal the ship arrives at Port Said. There the port officer visits the ship and "visés" the papers that have been granted at Suez.

At Marseilles, the doctor has the ship's crew marched past in front of him, and a halting step is a prelude to a searching examination. Here passengers generally leave the ship, proceeding overland to their destination. This they are allowed to do, but they must first give an address where they may be found within ten days. Then, should an outbreak occur on board the ship after they had debarked, they could be traced by the authorities, and put under surveillance as possible "contacts."

Another important duty of the quarantine authorities is the destruction of rats on board ships, as they are known carriers of plague infection. Sulphur dioxide is pumped into the ship's holds, and the rats are asphyxiated.

During the vessel's stay in Marseilles, a quarantine official is stationed aboard to make note of all shore-folk who have business aboard, and also the comings and goings of the crew.

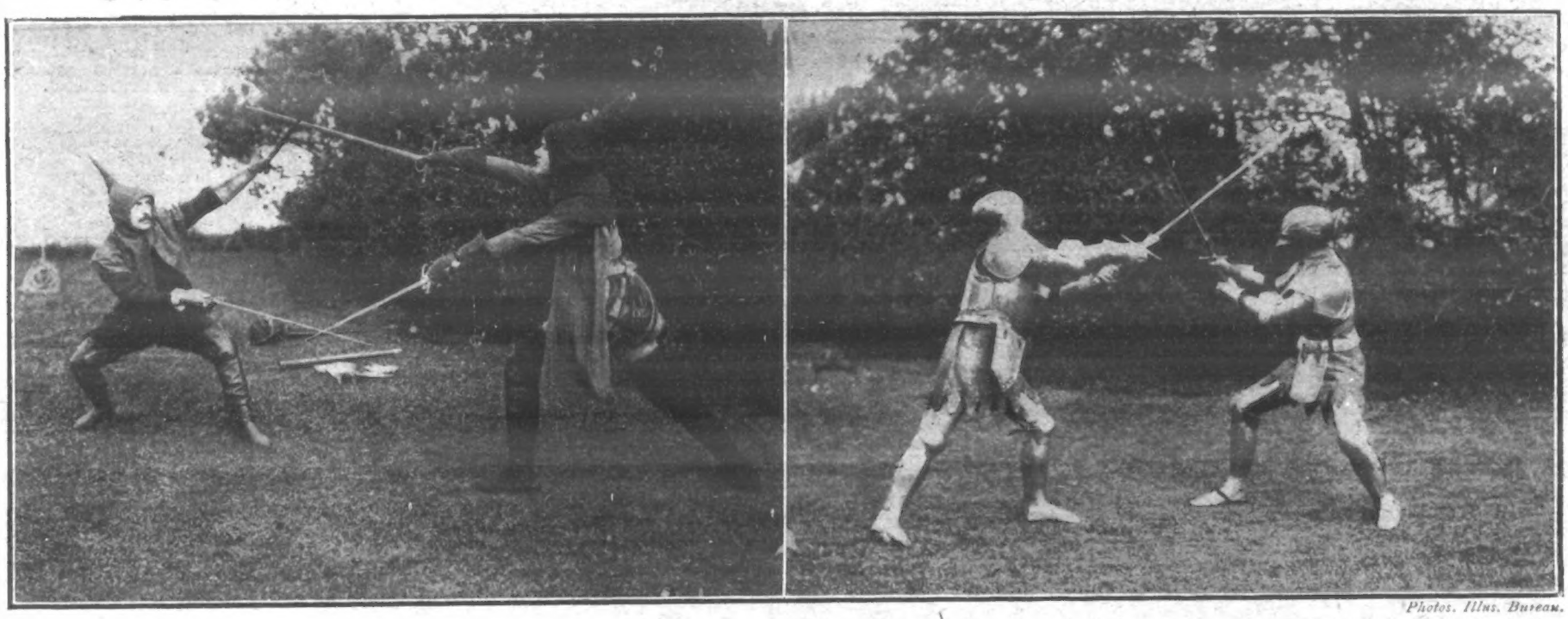
At Gibraltar, the much-endorsed bill-of-health has again to be produced to the port boarding officer, and permits must be obtained by anyone desirous of landing. On arrival at a home port the crew and passengers have again to face the doctor, and, although thirty days may have elapsed since leaving India, his examination is no less thorough than that of his confrères at Bombay, Suez, and Marseilles.

Thus it may be seen that the supervision is strict and far-reaching, and, should an outbreak occur in connection with a particular ship, the authorities have means of putting their hands on all who have had any connection with that ship since she put out from India on her "Route from the East."

"P.I.P." Photo.

THE LEAGUE OF FRONTIERSMEN.

This powerful League, which is organised by men of experience abroad for the purpose of scouting in time of war, and which now has branches all over England, held a most successful garden party, in aid of their funds, at the Botanic Gardens a few days ago. Our photograph shows a typical camp-fire group.



Photos. Illus. Bureau.

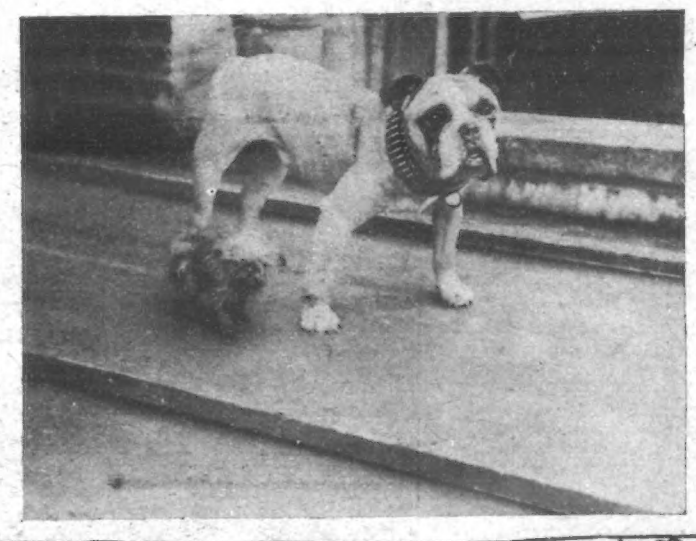
One of the most novel features of the entertainment was the "Duel of all Ages," of which we illustrate two periods. On the left a "Duel des Mignons" is in progress, and on the right a fight with two-handed swords is in full swing.

PICTURES & PEOPLE OF INTEREST

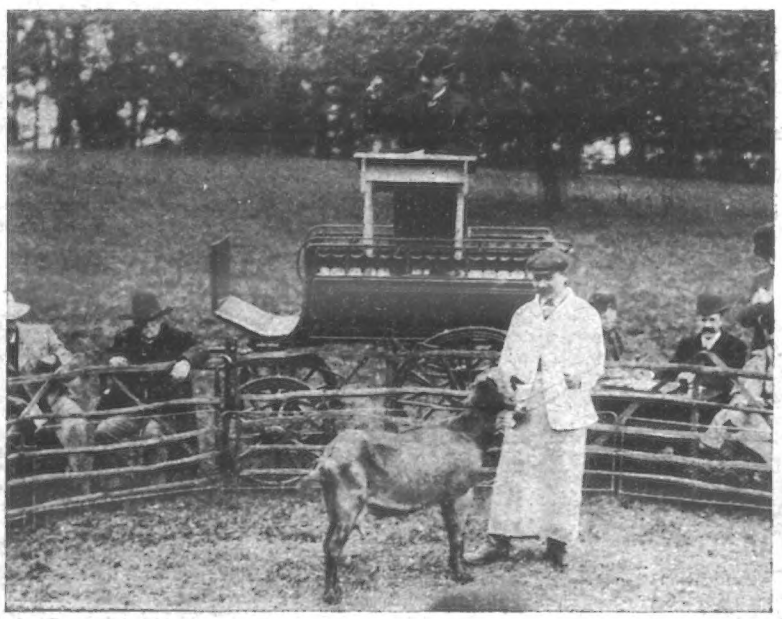
THE TSAREVITCH'S TROUSERINES.
The three-year-old son of the Tsar has just discarded petticoats for knickers.

LATEST ROYAL EXPLORER.
The Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who has set out for East and Central Africa on a sporting expedition.

EMPIRE DAY CELEBRATIONS:
School-children saluting the Union Jack.

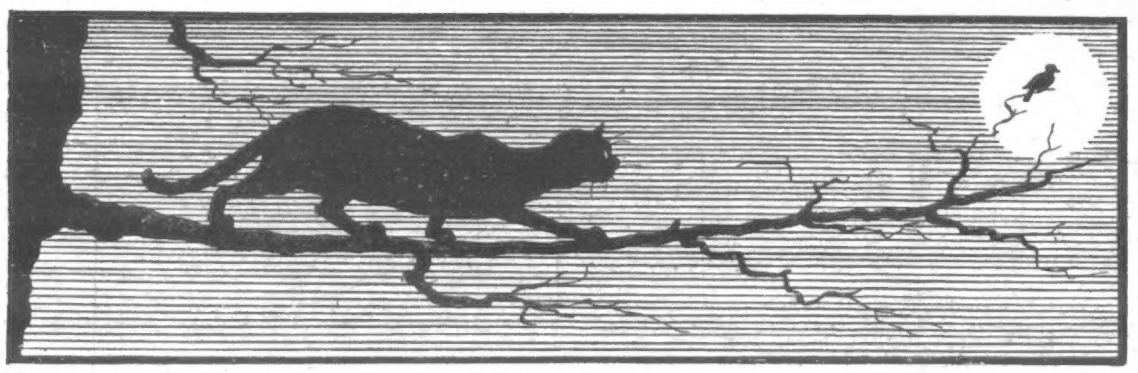


THE SMALLEST DOG ON EARTH.
Standing beside the British bull-dog is a Griffon; she is eighteen months old and weighs 21b. 6oz.



THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS' GOAT.
"Asperula," lot 3, in the sale at the Highgate house of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

A MEMORIAL IN THE MAKING.
At work on the Queen Victoria Memorial.
Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



HUMOURS OF THE WEEK.

In the Interests of His Client.

It was his first circuit, and, moreover, he had to defend his first client, who was a better-known than respected burglar. In an interval he approached a veteran member of the Bar, and sought for advice.

"And how long do you think I ought to make my speech to the jury, Sir?" he finished up.

"I should say about an hour," said the old hand.

"An hour! Why, I thought ten minutes would be ample! Why so long?"

"Well," said his adviser, "you see, they can't sentence him till you're finished, and the longer you talk the longer he'll be out of gaol!"—*Tit-Bits.*

A New and Thrilling Mystery-Story, by the celebrated Fergus Hume, will start shortly in the "P.I.P."

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To Save Him Trouble.

Among the guests at a small seaside hotel was a lady from the rural districts. The landlord noticed that every night she came downstairs, and got a pitcher of water.

One night he spoke to her, and asked her why she did not ring the bell for a hall-boy to bring the water to her.

"But there is no bell in my room," she said.

"No bell in your room, Madam? Pray let me show you."

With that he took the pitcher of water in his hand and escorted her to her apartment. Entering the room, he pointed out to her the knob of the electric-bell.

She gazed at it with wonder, and then exclaimed—

"Dear me, is that a bell? Why, the hall-boy told me that it was the fire-alarm signal, and that I must never touch it except in case of fire."

That hall-boy has since discovered that laziness sometimes brings dismissal.—*Chums.*

Taking No Risks

An amateur dramatic society recently gave a performance in an Eastern Counties village of a musical play written round the story of "The Mistletoe Bough." The lady who played the part of the heroine was not a great success as a vocalist, and, in addition, when playfully hiding in the old oak chest, kindly lent for the occasion by the greengrocer, she heard the lid go down with an ominous click, and all the efforts of the stage-manager failed to move it.

"That box you lent us has become locked, and the lady's inside," said the alarmed stage-manager to the greengrocer, who was sitting in the front seats with his wife and family.

"She ain't goin' to sing no more, is she?" inquired the sprouts purveyor.

"Comes on in spirit form and sings twice in the next act," said the stage-manager in a whisper.

"Oh, do she?" came the reply. "Then I'm goin' 'ome to lose the key."—*Penny Magazine.*

Realised.

An old countryman went to an optician's shop in a provincial town to procure a pair of spectacles.

As he was leaving the place wearing his new acquisition, his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary looking instrument conspicuously placed upon the counter. The old man paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before.

After a long struggle with his curiosity he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he asked—

"What is it?"

"That is an ophthalmometer," replied the optician in his gravest manner, but with a twinkle in his eye.

"There," muttered the old man to himself, as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious looking thing on the counter, "that's what I was afeard it was!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Tipping the Porter.

Not long ago, one of the chief of the paid officials—the general manager, so it is said—of a certain important railway alighted at a little junction station away in the heart of the country. The railway dignitary was returning alone from a fishing expedition, and was well burdened with luggage of various kinds.

The porter at this station proved a perfect paragon, and waited upon the traveller with the utmost possible politeness. He immediately gathered together all the traveller's traps, and said that he would look after them well until the departure of the branch train, when he would see that they were duly handed over to their owner.

Impressed with the porter's alacrity and courtesy, the general manager handed him a fairly good tip, which was accepted with expressions of gratitude and evident pleasure. After a little while, the official went up to the porter and introduced a conversation.

MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER.

1. THE REJECTED ONE: "Farewell for ever! I no longer wish to live. If death stared me in the face how willingly would I meet it!" 2. The rejected one ten minutes later.

"Wot's More."

The bowler in a Lancashire cricket match was in the act of delivering a ball when something moved across the sight-screen, and the batsman, who wore spectacles, stepped back and made no attempt to play the ball. "A shadow on the sight-screen!" he explained.

Amid roars of laughter the game was stopped until a player drove the by no means youthful steed employed on the ground out of the line of vision. Even then the match was not resumed, for one of the umpires had something to say.

Leaving his post at the bowler's wicket, he strode up to the batsman and blurted out indignantly:

"Look 'ere, Mister, I wants none of your insolence. That"—pointing to the horse—"ain't a shadder! That's a 'oss, and wot's more, 'e's my 'oss!"—*Cassell's Saturday Journal.*

Risk Attached.

Daughter: "This piano is really my own, isn't it, father?"

Father: "Yes, my dear."

"And when I marry I can take it away with me?"

"Certainly, my child. But don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances."

Guarded Against.

He: "If you loved me, why did you, at first, refuse me?"

She: "I wanted to see how you would act."

"But I might have rushed off without waiting for an explanation."

"I'd locked the door."

Which Got Hit?

An Irishman, passing along the street, was hit on the head by a brick which had dropped from a new building. Thinking he had cause for complaint and damages, he consulted a lawyer, who advised bringing a suit. The case came before the proper authorities, and the man was awarded £10 damages. Wishing to settle with the lawyer who had conducted the case, he asked for the bill.

"Well, I think £10 will be about right," said the lawyer.

The money was paid. After a while, observing that the Irishman was evidently puzzling over some knotty question, he asked what was the trouble.

"Begorra!" replied the Irishman. "I was just wondering who got hit—you or I."—*London Opinion.*

"I say, my man, do you happen to know who I am?" he inquired.

"Indeed I don't, Sir; I haven't the slightest idea," was the ready reply.

"Well, I'm the general manager of this railway, and I suppose you know that there's an order in your rule-book which speaks in the plainest possible terms against taking tips from passengers."

"Begging your pardon, Sir," responded the quick-witted porter, "it says we are not to take gratuities from the public, but there's nothing in the rule-book at all against our taking such a gift from a fellow-servant."

Unless.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the young sportsman, who had failed to register a single hit, "but the birds seem exceptionally strong on the wing this year."

"Not all of 'em, Sir," answered the man in attendance. "You've shot at the same bird about a dozen times. 'E's a-follerin' you about, Sir."

"Following me about? Nonsense! Why should a bird do that?"

"Well, Sir," came the reply; "I dunno, I'm sure, unless 'e's 'angin' round you for safety."

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

Mr. Frohman's Arrangements.

Owing to Miss Alexandra Carlisle being required by Mr. Cyril Maude for his forthcoming play, the present run of "A Royal Family" at the Duke of York's Theatre will, Mr. Charles Frohman announces, end on Friday, June 7. On Monday, June 10, he will present at that theatre Miss Grace George and her company, including Mr. Frank Worthing and Mr. Richard Bennett of the "Strongheart" company, in a new version of Sardou's comedy, "Divorçons."

The Americanised "Orchid."

It is rumoured that the Shuberts are going to do an unusual, and, therefore, very-likely-to-be-successful thing. It is reported from America that they have made arrangements for the Americanised version of "The Orchid," to be produced in London, at the Waldorf, next autumn. Now that would be a novelty indeed! "The Orchid" was a great Gaiety success. It goes to America, is thoroughly Americanised, and becomes a big success there. It would be interesting to see this successful American version of a London success in London.

Staged by "Savages."

"Hands Up" is the name of a new "revue" by Mr. Adrian Ross, Mr. Fred Bowyer, and Mr. Mostyn Pigott, which will be first presented at His Majesty's Theatre on June 4 in aid of the Cripples' Home (says a writer in the *Daily Express*). It will play three-quarters of an hour, and—remember the title!—the scene is laid at a fashionable palmist's. Each number will be contributed by a member of the Savage Club, whose members will also form the "cast." As the Savage Club includes among its members composers of the front rank, some very fine work will go into this "revue." It is only intended (as, indeed, "Burning to Sing" was) as an amateur effort with a single purpose. But, of course, such a meeting of "all the talents" must not be allowed to pass, with only one performance. "Hands Up," by Adrian Ross and good composers, is sure to be secured by one of our leading impresarios.

Why Martin Harvey Goes in Goal.

Mr. Martin Harvey is a great enthusiast at many sports, but his favourite game is hockey. During his recent tours in the Provinces his great delight was to get one day's hockey per week. This is as much time as the busy actor can spare, for, what with the numerous duties of rehearsing, reading new plays, and playing each evening, his spare time is very limited. Whilst playing a match in a provincial town against the local shop-assistants, Mr. Harvey collided with an opponent, which brought him to the ground and put his ankle out. That night Mr. Harvey struggled through his part, but had to give up the following night. This proved a great disappointment to his many admirers, besides a serious loss from a business point; and so now Mr. Harvey plays with less enthusiasm and takes his place at goal instead of a busy forward.

The Cat and the "Rat."

A cat crossing the stage during a performance is an accepted omen of good luck by superstitious actors. Playgoers who have seen Mr. Martin Harvey in "The Breed of the Treshams" will remember he plays the part of Reresby "the Rat." During a recent performance in the North, the theatre cat crossed the stage. At the end of the scene Mr. Harvey came off the stage very annoyed, and rebuked the stage carpenter for his neglect in not keeping the cat away. Much to Mr. Harvey's surprise the fellow replied, "The cat, no doubt, was after the Rat!"

NOTICE.—*In future, all Editorial Communications for the "P. I. P." must be addressed to 172, Strand, London, W.C.*

THE DEATH FUMES

PEOPLE POISONED BY GAS AT HOXTON.

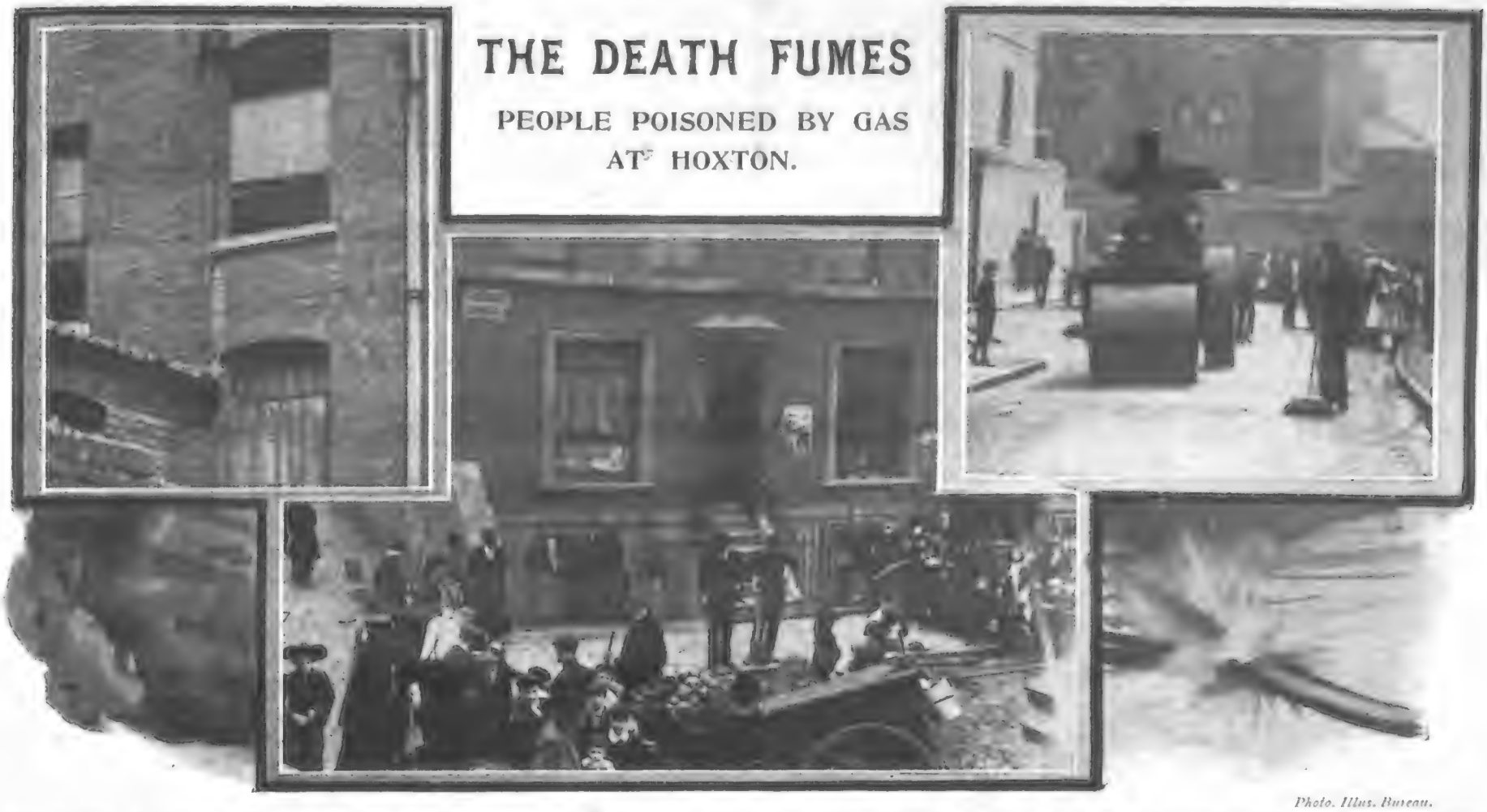


Photo. Illus. Bureau.

The weight of a steam-roller, it is alleged, has to answer for the poisoning of many people at Hoxton. Early in the morning it was discovered that the inmates of two houses in Louisa Street were lying unconscious owing to gas fumes that had escaped from a broken main. Every effort was made to save the unfortunate victims, but it was too late to save one woman. Our top left-hand photo. shows the window of the room in which Mrs. Choke died; our centre illustrates men repairing the broken main; the third is the steam-roller said to have caused the breakage.

HONOUR FOR THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

LAST week Mr. John Kirk was received and honoured by the King at Buckingham Palace, in recognition of his forty years' work for the Ragged School Union. After chatting for some minutes with his Majesty he left the Palace—Sir John Kirk.

The new knight afterwards gave the following account of his interview with King Edward.

"I had an intimation a few days ago from our president, Lord Northampton, that he was commanded to introduce me to the King at Buckingham Palace. Accordingly I called at Lennox Gardens, and a hansom brought us to Buckingham Palace just before eleven o'clock. We were shown into a waiting-room, where we stayed for some minutes. Presently we were led upstairs into what was evidently a sort of business or working room. We were then ushered into the presence of the King, who was standing to receive us.

"He shook hands heartily, making us feel quite at ease, and expressed his appreciation of the great work of the Ragged School Union. He well remembered how much interested both he and the Queen were at the dinner given to the cripple children ten years ago in the Queen's Hall of the People's Palace, where he met me. He was also aware of what was being done in the way of a national testimonial, and he heartily congratulated me upon my forty years' service.

"Then he said that to show his appreciation of what had been done, and to signalise my forty years' continuous service, he wished to make me a knight. He added that it was also the particular wish of the Prime Minister that this honour should be conferred.

"I manifested some reluctance, but was urged by Lord Northampton that the favour and kindness must be accepted, whereupon his Majesty rang a bell, called for a sword, and bade me kneel down.

"I then felt a distinct tap on each shoulder, and was bidden to rise as 'Sir John Kirk,' receiving a hearty grip of the hand and the warmest congratulations of his Majesty, who also desired his congratulations to be given to Lady Kirk.

"We then retired with his Majesty's good wishes for my future service. I certainly should not have taken the honour if I had known of it beforehand. I had not the slightest idea that his Majesty would confer so great an honour upon me. I have found out since that Lord Northampton did know of it, but he kept it secret."

NATIONAL TESTIMONIAL.

Under the presidency of the "Children's Lord Mayor," one of the greatest gatherings ever seen at the Mansion House assembled last Friday to do honour to the "Children's Friend," Sir John Kirk.

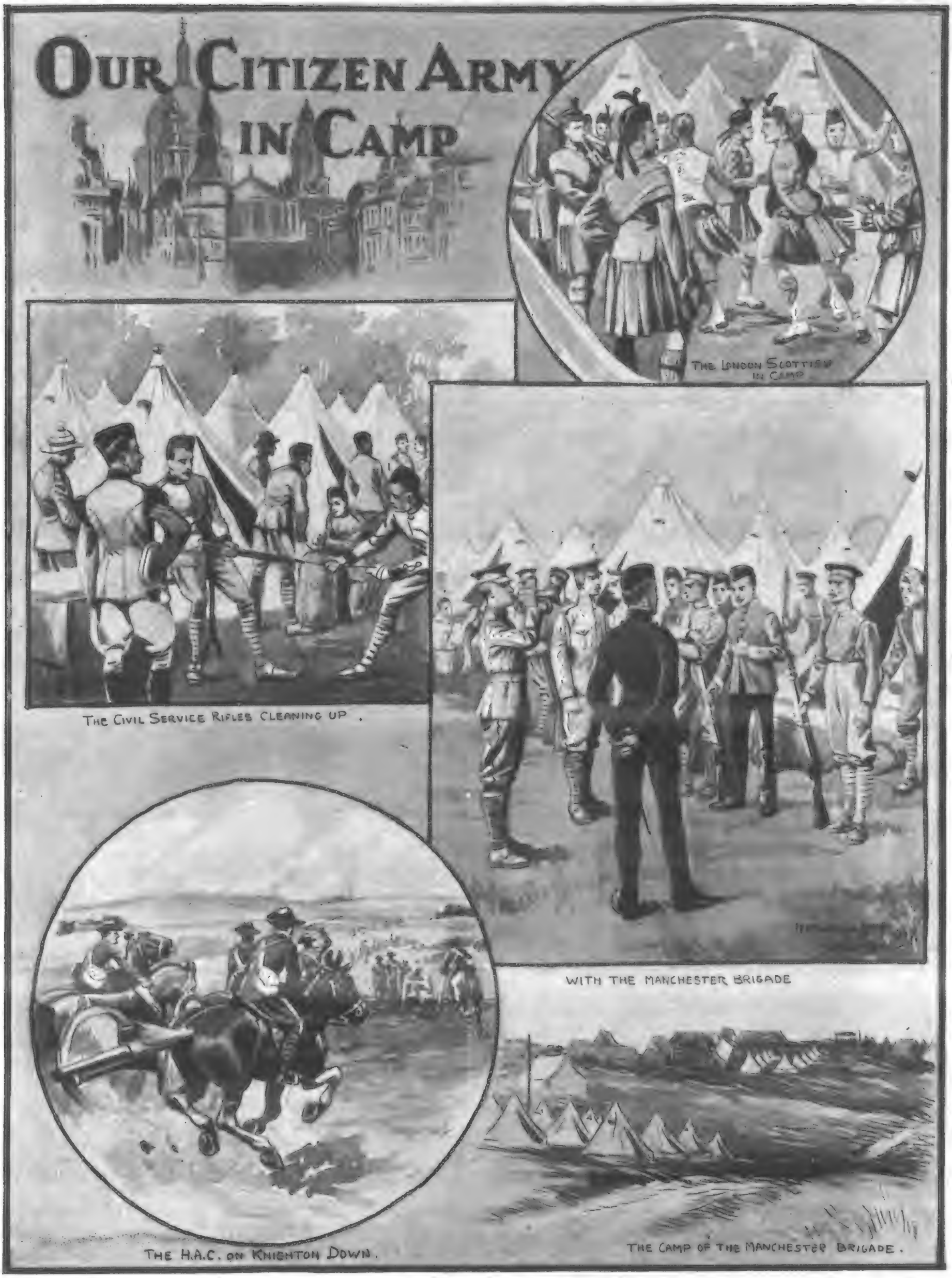
The Egyptian hall was crowded with admirers of the man whose forty years' splendid work on behalf of the waifs and outcast little ones of the metropolis has made his name a household word. His reception when he appeared on the platform with Lady Kirk, Sir William and Lady Treloar, the Marquess of Northampton, and many other distinguished friends, was enthusiastic.

The presentation to Sir John took the form of a congratulatory address, a portrait of himself painted by Mr. William Rainey, R.I., and a cheque for £2000. To Lady Kirk was presented a replica of the portrait, and a drawing-room clock with Westminster chimes.

Sir John tells his wife that she is now "Lady Kirk," on the steps of their house at Brixton.

Sir John Kirk drives away from Buckingham Palace in a hansom, and smiles at the photographer.

Our Citizen Army in Camp



Some of the most successful Volunteer manœuvres on record were held during the Whitsun holidays. Above are sketches by our Special Artist "at the front" showing incidents in the work accomplished by the Volunteers.

DEAD MENS GOLD

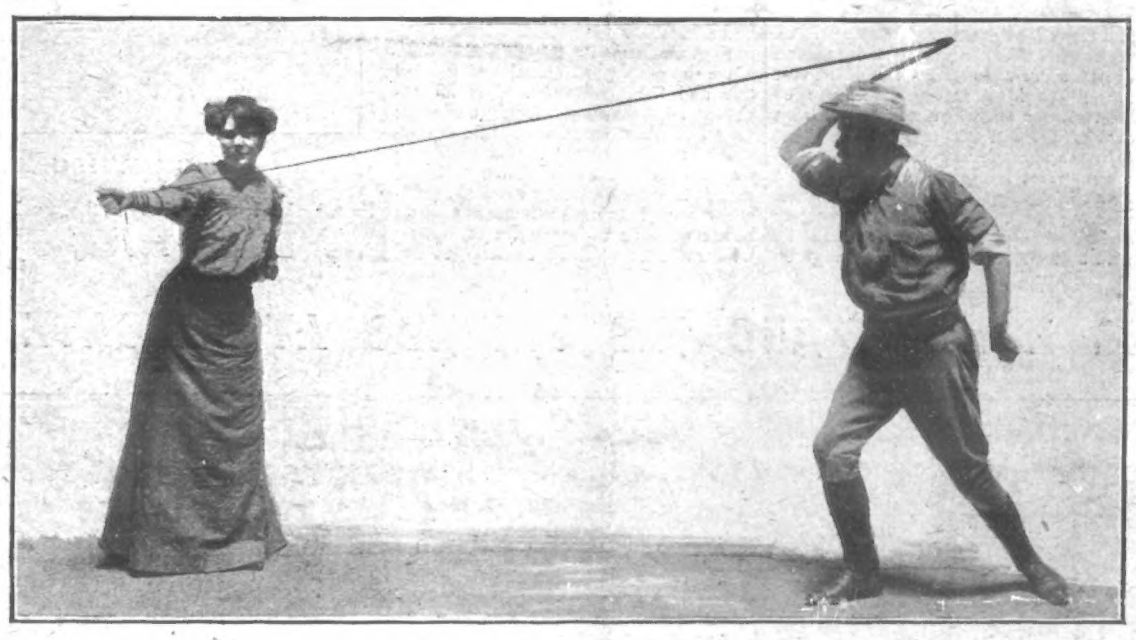
The Rev. R. H. Tomlins, Rector of Bradley Ashbourne, Derbyshire, and some of his parishioners are actively searching for treasure which the Rector believes to have been buried beneath the ruins of his church in the days of Prince Charlie. Our photographs show, on the left, parishioners working with picks and spades in a field near the church. In the centre, the Rector busy among the ruins; and on the right, human bones discovered during the progress of the excavations.

THE WHIP WHIRLER OF THE WORLD.

CRACKING a whip may appear comparatively simple to the uninitiated, but when the thong is over twenty-four feet in length, and the stock eighteen inches, precision of eye and distance and great physical strength are required to, say, take a bullock out of a mob of wild cattle on the left side of the horse without touching his ears.

With his whip, at 25 feet distance, Mr. Lindsay, who is appearing at the London Hippodrome, can cut in half a cigarette held in the mouth of an attendant. He can extinguish a lighted candle at a similar range, and then with a different crack cuts the candle in half. He takes the ash off a cigar whilst it is being smoked with his deadly lash, which is nevertheless quite harmless when he wishes to make it so. For instance, he flogs a man with terrific force without hurting him. Then he can tie his whip in a knot round a man's arm. This act if unskilfully performed would cut the arm off. As it is, the man does not even feel it. The whip wielded by Mr. Lindsay cuts an ordinary wine bottle in two as cleanly as though it had been done by machinery.

Perhaps his most effective display is when he smashes the whip with full force upon a lady's bare arm, and she skips in the coils of the whip with him.



A world-wide traveller, Mr. Lindsay served right through the Boer War with the 1st Victorian Bushmen.

On one occasion he was close to General Baden-Powell and under heavy fire, when a senior regular officer rode up and excitedly exclaimed, "A terrible thing has happened. We have lost all our horses!" The reply was characteristic of the hero of Mafeking: "Damn the horses—what about the men?"

The Bushmen had a hard taskmaster in General Plumer. He was a fighting man and never mentioned individuals in despatches.

"It is sufficient honour" he was once heard to say, "to have been in the hottest corners of the war without being advertised for having done one's duty."

General Plumer gave an order once to Mr. Lindsay during an artillery duel. The maxims and pom-poms were pounding away at record rate, but were not being used with that discrimination that the General desired: "Just ride over there and tell those fellows—a little more maxim and a little less pom-pom, please."

At the Battle of Rheinster-Kop Mr. Lindsay was under fire for seventeen hours within 400 yards of the enemy's position. Curiously enough only two of the Bushmen were hit.

THE GREAT STRIKE OF LONGSHOREMEN IN NEW YORK.

Hundreds of wagons and carts laden with goods arrive every day, but the majority are unable to unload owing to the strike, and the confusion is extreme.

Great stacks of merchandise lie piled up by New York Harbour, waiting for the time when men can be obtained to carry them aboard the ships.

The World of Women

Conducted by ELLICE BEERE.

For the Dressing-Table.

LACE-TRIMMED Duchesse sets are now being made to look very dainty by means of coloured ribbon threaded through and tied in smart little bows at the corners. Plain, hemstitched linen sets are also relieved in the same way, while sets of transparent muslin, mounted on slips of pink or blue sateen, frilled round with muslin and threaded with inch-wide satin ribbon, are among the newest fancies for the dressing-table. Clear muslin, unmounted, also makes a very fascinating table-centre, if adorned with a little crewel work, such as bunches of violets or trails of wild roses, and tied up with ribbon to contrast or correspond. Violets look well with pale-blue or yellow ribbon, and wild roses are set off with ribbons of pale blue or apple-green.

The Dorine Handbag.

A fitted handbag has come to be regarded as indispensable by most women. Very smart and equally useful is the Dorine, a real morocco-leather bag, lined with moiré silk. The fittings comprise smelling-salts bottle, powder-puff and case, small mirror, and a convenient little purse for small change, and are well worth the price asked for the bag complete—namely, 4s. 11½d.

The Best Summer Dress.

Now is the time when many of my readers are anxiously considering the selection of a best summer gown. There is nothing like being a little previous in these matters, and it is just as well to be in advance of Dame Fashion rather than behindhand. Moreover, to really get the full value and full wear out of any costume it should be quite ready before the first opportunity of wearing it presents itself. It is very tiresome indeed when the occasion is there before the costume. So every well-advised maiden will go shopping for her summer toilette in good time; and surely never have there been more delightful colourings from which to select a pretty dress! A very becoming one for a nut-brown maid could be carried out in one of the new blues, with a little folded fichu or crossover bodice, with the quaint sloping shoulder-effect formed by bands of silk, harmonising in colour with the material. The vest may be of soft mousseline-de-soie, and tiny frills of lace and wide kimono sleeves may fall over under-sleeves of mousseline and lace. A high silk waistbelt is, of course, an indispensable finish to this style of toilette. The skirt, which is very full, is trimmed with four narrow bands of silk, laid on at intervals. An appropriate millinery scheme would be a Romney hat in fine Manilla straw, with wide silk ribbon and flowers grouped underneath.

To Wash Chamois Leather.

Chamois leathers when much in use are apt to get dirty and hard. They may then be cleaned in the following simple manner. Shake them back and forth several times in tepid and soapy water, and wring out without rinsing. When dry, the leather will be found to be quite soft and clean.

How to Obtain Variety.

The present fashion offers endless opportunities to the home dressmaker for trimming or renovating old or plain blouses. Bretelles of chené ribbon are simply made by bringing over the shoulders, and folded back and front into a swathed waistbelt. A very smart effect is given if these ribbon bretelles are worn with a simulated vest or waistcoat of mousseline-de-soie or lace. Later on, when muslin and lawn dresses make their appearance, these dainty additions will be composed of insertions of lace, bound on each side by a silk piping to harmonise or contrast with the dress. How delightfully pretty a lavender-sprigged muslin would be with bretelles of lace bound with green or pink silk; while doubtless many equally charming combinations will suggest themselves to my readers. An infinite variety might be obtained if several sets were made and worn over a plain white or cream muslin, and in such case a hat of simple straw, with two or three different coloured floral hat mounts, which could be changed at will, would prove an additional aid.

Waistbelts and Sashes.

The waistbelt is now a great feature of all gowns, and sashes have also made their appearance. The swathed belt is improved and is given a more graceful effect by the addition of long ends at the back. These are sometimes worn twisted together, or finished off at the hem by a tiny silk fringe. Quills are not yet banished from our millinery, and in addition to the various new coloured ones of blue, green, etc., there are some in gold and silver which are particularly smart. Large gold and silver berries, too, resembling gallnuts, are being used in conjunction with brown tulle. There is a distinct trend this season towards making brown a fashionable colour, and when successful there is something very uncommon about a gown of this colour. A very large plaid in brown is very effective in a voile material, and if made up on the cross has a very French appearance.

Some Fish Recipes.

Scraps of cold fish left over from a previous meal make delicious fish-cakes, and another simple dish which is contrived on the same principle is kedgeree. The ingredients required in addition to the scraps of cold fish flaked quite free from skin and bone are two eggs, half-a-pound of rice, a little seasoning, pepper and salt. Boil the rice until tender, and having strained it, leave in the pan. Have the eggs hard boiled and minced fine, and the fish flaked. Mix all together, add seasoning to taste, and serve very hot with tiny sippets of toast arranged round the dish. A cheap and nice way in which to cook fried fish, plaice, sole, etc., is to omit the usual egg and breadcrumbs, and to make instead a little batter of flour and water, and, having well washed and dried the fish, to dip them in the batter and fry in the usual way with plenty of boiling fat. The fish will be found to cook delightfully brown and crisp, and will both taste and look as good as if prepared with egg-and-breadcrumb.

[Copyright.

A CHARMING AFTERNOON GOWN.

H.M. KING EDWARD AND HIS FRIENDS AT REIGATE PRIORY.

Photo. H. P. Robinson and Son.

The King spent a few days with Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville at Reigate Priory recently. The photograph shows the house-party. Standing—Left to right: Mr. Hwfa Williams, Major Halford, H.R.H. Prince Francis of Teck, Mr. McEwan, Captain the Hon. Ronald Greville, Hon. Mrs. Keppel, Lord Brougham. Sitting—Left to right: Lady Norreys, His Excellency the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, Miss Naylor, Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville, H.M. King Edward, Lady Sarah Wilson, Mrs. Hwfa Williams.

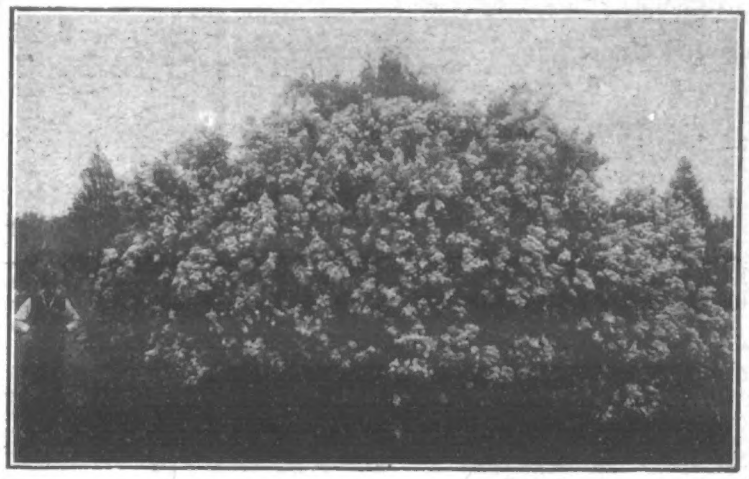
'P.I.P.' Gardener and Poultry Farmer.

My Garden Plans.

JUNE 1 TO 7.—"The plans of mice and men," as the bard sang, "gang aft agley," and I fear these garden plans of mine have not always been carried out to the letter owing to the severe and inclement weather. Still, they are prepared with the utmost care from practical observation, and the various suggestions thrown out will always be found seasonable, "wind, weather, and other circumstances permitting," as the steam-ship advertisements invariably announce. My garden programme for the first week in June is composed of a host of small matters, all of importance; and as this is the month when roses are in their full glory I shall be giving them early attention, trimming them up where necessary and securing the new wood on the climbers and ramblers. By the way, all dead blossom should be picked off as soon as it appears, and most rose-trees will need frequent syringing as a safeguard against green-fly. Turning to other parts of the flower-garden, I hope to practically complete my bedding-out this week, and all the annuals, hardy and half-hardy, may safely be trusted in the open now, excepting, perhaps, in bleak spots in the north. You will naturally be careful to harden off plants in pots or boxes by gradually introducing them to the cold outer air before actually bedding them out. For instance, geraniums should have a night or two out of doors in their pots or boxes, before being placed in the open ground. Another suggestion for bedding-out, always make a point of keeping back a few plants to fill up later the gaps caused by possible failures. Planting-out should, if possible, be carried out in showery weather, or else, if there is no rain, in the late afternoon; plants newly bedded often succumb to their first open-air acquaintance with the hot morning sun. In planting out your dahlias, remember that they need rich, good soil. Now is the time to stake pinks, picotees, and carnations as they advance, and some of the shoots will probably need to be removed, according to the strength of the plant.

In the Kitchen-Garden.

With the incoming of June, there is a medley of work to be done in the kitchen-garden, and this week I shall probably commence thinning-out wall-fruit where it hangs in clusters, so that there is room for swelling. I shall also be thinning-out vegetable crops—carrot, onion, beet, parsnip, and so on—to the requisite distances. Then I have more vegetable-marrow plants to bed out (they need the shelter of a roomy flower-pot for the first few nights), and I shall be planting out cabbage-plants in the ground they are to occupy from the nursery-beds. *Entre nous*, the amateur is very apt to plant out his cabbages and cauliflowers too closely together; remember, that the "brassicas," as this family is called, need light and air as well as plenty of room for development. Then I have potato-runs to earth up, and here I will utter a plaintive wail against the late frosts, which have done great harm in my early potato patch. Nothing can be done in the matter, however, and I must trust for a crop to newer and later shoots from the tubers. My sowing plans in the kitchen garden include further runner beans (the earliest are now well up and lightly strewn with litter each evening in case of frost), and seed of the cabbage and broccoli tribes for successional and late crops. I shall also be sowing turnips for autumn and winter use.



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REPLIES IN BRIEF.

"DOROTHY."—(1) Pinch off the tops of your marguerites to make them bushy. These plants are very apt to bolt and become leggy. (2) Use Messrs. Spratt's "Chikko" as an evening feed for your chickens.

W. DILNETT (Southampton).—Road-sweepings, ashes, and strawy stable refuse should be introduced freely into the soil. Soot would, of course, be beneficial also. I have had the same trouble, so can sympathise with you.

G. PAUL.—The subject is rather too exhaustive for me to give you a satisfying reply. "The Book of the Honey Bee," published by Mr. John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, W., at half-a-crown, is the text-book you need.

HENRY HOPKINS.—You will find a concrete floor for your chicken-house the cheapest, best, and most satisfactory in the long run, and by no means difficult to lay in such a comparatively small area. I should advise one part Portland cement to two parts coarse sand.

J. W. E.—I am making experiments, and will reply to you through the post in the course of a few days.

S. UNGENT (Chippenham).—I must humbly beg to differ from your friend. Broad beans sown as late as June are invariably small, and overrun with black blight. Further, with other vegetables in season, they would not prove acceptable in the kitchen so late in the year, even if moderately successful.

I am always pleased to answer inquiries, and where a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed, will do so through the post direct, and, so far as possible, by return of post. Address inquiries to me personally at the *P.I.P.* Offices, 172, Strand, London, W.C.

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